The Larger Life

Studies in Hinton's Ethics

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STUDIES IN HINTON'S ETHICS.

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THE LARGER LIFE:

STUDIES IN HINTON'S ETHICS.

Withdrawn from the collection of the
Providence Athenæum

BY

CAROLINE HADDON.

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JAMES HINTON.

PROVIDENCE
ATHENÆUM.

LONDON:
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1886.

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May 3. 1886.

PREFACE.

It frequently happens that an original thinker is not the best expounder of his own ideas. Occupied solely with the search after truth, and perhaps exhausted with the shock from the impact of fresh light, he has neither the leisure nor the power to unfold and set in order the knowledge gained, nor so to correlate it with the work of previous thinkers that it may be seen to be built up on a solid basis. He seems to say to the dwellers on the plain, "If your feet stood where mine stand, you would see what I see;" but his words carry no conviction: he cannot hew out steps in the mountain to aid the ascent of feebler minds.

Between the pathfinder in the thought-world and those who can only follow in a broad beaten track, there are a few who intervene to push aside the brambles from the path and to smooth out and widen the track by their own footprints. Incapable of discovering for themselves, they have the humbler but useful function of making the discoveries available for a wider circle, and every difficulty

they overcome removes some obstacle from the way of others.

As James Hinton's friend and correspondent for twenty years, I have felt that my privileges assigned to me this task of expositor, and no plea of literary incapacity, however justly urged, could excuse me from trying to impart to others less favoured some fruits of an intercourse so highly valued. How I might fulfil this obligation has been the subject of much anxious thought during the years that have elapsed since his death. I have not indeed been able to devise any plan; but, in the absence of such, the materials of the present volume have been gradually accumulating in an informal manner, created by the demands that were made upon me from time to time to explain various parts of Hinton's philosophy and ethics. Especially have these demands been urged since in 1881 I edited, under the title "Philosophy and Religion," a selection from a large mass of valuable MSS. left unpublished, although printed, at his death.

I am frequently told that this work would have been more generally useful if it had been furnished with explanatory notes, and that at present it is available only to that fraction of the human species—the thinkers. Warned, however, by my experience of commentaries and books with "notes," which usually waste ingenuity in elucidating passages already as clear as daylight and leave unexplained the real obscurities, I have avoided the responsibility of

annotating Hinton, and have tried instead to reproduce some of his ideas in my own words. Having for many years been in the habit of reading his works with intelligent young people, and having carried on a somewhat extensive correspondence on subjects connected with them, I have by degrees been educated to feel the difficulties they present to various minds, and to translate their somewhat unfamiliar language into current expressions. If I have any gift at all it is that of intellectual sympathy, and this, whilst it would tend to incapacitate me from being anything of an original thinker, has enabled me in many cases to mediate between my "master" and the outer world. This habit of mind sometimes interfered with the pleasure of our personal intercourse. With unwelcome surprise he would hear from my lips, long after he supposed me to be one of the initiated circle, the bewildered question of an outsider. He would find fault with my "dramatic" letters and beg me to write and speak from myself. But I cannot now be sufficiently thankful that I did occasionally ask him the very questions that I am to-day continually being called upon to answer.

Too often the doubt, the difficulty long treasured up to be put before him and receive definite solution, would melt into an impalpable haze beneath the glowing radiance that streamed from him in personal intercourse. His familiar challenge after a few months' absence, "What have you been thinking about all this time?" would put all my care-

fully elaborated objections out of my mind, and I would surrender myself instead to the pleasure of hearing what *he* had been thinking about. Happily I am not left to my own imperfect recollections of these priceless conversations. Never was there a thought-life more minutely recorded than his. In the various series of MSS. frequently referred to in this volume, and especially in his Autobiography, is photographed each changing phase of his ever-active mind, and in reading them we hear again the very accent of his spoken words. Better still, one is privileged at times to overhear in his Autobiography the very communings of his soul with itself or with that unseen Friend whose presence was too overpoweringly near to permit the utterance of audible prayers. As I read over these pages and his letters—second only to the Autobiography in their power of self-revelation—I realise with thankful wonder of how little is Death able to deprive us.

This volume aims at being simply an exposition. I have no theories of my own to propound; I have but to deliver what I have received. For my own part in the work, I neither invite nor deprecate criticism. If the reviewer occupies himself solely with the subject-matter and forgets that any name but that of James Hinton stands on the titlepage, he will bestow on me the praise I most covet—that of being a transparent window which transmits the light without arresting the glance upon

itself. Whilst thus disclaiming, however, all originality in these essays, I may be allowed to state that they differ as to the degree in which James Hinton is to be held responsible for them. The "Analogy of the Moral and Intellectual Life" and "What can we Know" were written during his lifetime, and were submitted to him for correction, so that they contain nothing he would not indorse. The first rough draft of "The Lawbreaker" was, I believe, written in my Commonplace Book a few years before his death, under the immediate inspiration of conversations with him, but it was rewritten with considerable enlargement at a much later period. The other essays have been written within the last three or four years, so that the ideas in them, though derived from the same source, have been more completely assimilated and worked out, and illustrated with greater freedom. The longest and most important of these, entitled "A Law of Development," is an attempt to explain Hinton's "law of the three stages," an expression which will recall to all who are familiar with their writings similar generalisations in Hegel and in Comte. I was indeed strongly tempted to outstep the limits I had prescribed to myself, and make this essay a comparative study of the three writers who exhibit marked features both of resemblance and of contrast; but, apart from my insufficient knowledge of the other two, I was deterred by the consideration that for many of my readers the comparison would have no interest, and would defeat my object, which

was not to indulge in a curious philosophical speculation, but to offer a key to some of the most familiar experiences of life, and above all, to suggest a hope to those who, finding themselves in the disappointing middle stage, were looking back regretfully to the vanished good rather than forward to its more perfect realisation. This essay was published separately two years ago, but I have rewritten it in part for the present volume. Since doing so, I have read an admirable work on "The Social Philosophy of Comte," by Professor Edward Caird, a noted Hegelian, and the similarity between Hinton and Hegel appears to me in a still more striking light than before. Hinton was aware of the affinity between himself and Hegel (see Appendix, Letter II.), but he had not made an extensive study of that writer. He had himself been brought to this vision of a law in human life by an entirely different path—led indeed by the hand of Art as of a guiding angel—so that the coincidence was the more remarkable.

In "Hinton the Seer" I have sought to exhibit the man rather than the thoughts: it is more of a reminiscence than an essay. I am conscious, however, of failure in this attempt to represent him in his most marked characteristic, that of being entirely possessed by his genius, and so made the organ and instrument of a Higher Power. I can hardly hope by any words of mine to convey the impression he made of mingled strength and weakness,

the one being so inextricably bound up with the other that it was evident he *could* not have received that mighty force of Nature into his soul if he could have resisted her. It is here that the task of portraiture becomes most difficult. To ignore the infirmities of the man, or to condone them as involved in the fatal gift of genius, seems like evading the duty of exercising moral judgment; and yet always to distinguish between the mere personal accent and the inspiring voice is beyond my power. I have therefore, as far as possible, given Hinton's experience in his own words. A few readers will interpret him by something analogous within themselves. *All* who are capable of seeing a plain undisguised fact of Nature will recognise it here, and respect it if they do not understand. We see one thing in and through another, and a man is often best revealed by likeness and contrast to some fellow-man. With this idea I have taken, to place alongside of Hinton, Carlyle as the man of our generation who best exhibited the character of Prophet, and maintained that character most uncompromisingly amidst the friction and the seductions of social life. I yield to no one in my appreciation of that great man: if in this slightly touched parallel I should seem to fail in reverence, it is only that my main purpose being to exhibit Hinton, I have used only such features of Carlyle as lent themselves to this design.

Other names will perhaps suggest themselves to some who knew Hinton intimately, as of closer kinship than

Carlyle, and therefore more available for comparison. Two occur to me—William Blake and Walt Whitman; but not being very familiar to the ordinary English reader, they would not assist him in gaining an idea of Hinton's personality. In the character of a visionary swayed by the force of unseen things he is most akin to Blake. Walt Whitman he resembles in the complete interpenetration of body with spirit—his soul inhabiting his frame, as it were, down to the very finger-tips, so that there was nothing *merely* sensuous; in the fearless grasp upon pleasures of all kinds; in the refusal to call anything common or unclean which is cleansed by the breath of spirit; in setting forth liberty, not restraint, as the essential element of goodness. With both Blake and Whitman he shares the character of Revolter against conventions, moral and social, not indeed as claiming a selfish isolated freedom, but being willing rather for awhile to wear the yoke himself that he might the more effectually break it for others.

Fifty years hence Hinton will probably be recognised as a more "dangerous" man than he is now; just as Kant, according to Heine's saying, held the whole French Revolution in his theories, to be evolved by inevitable deductions.

In this attempt to mediate between Hinton and other minds, I am aware of a danger which I have striven, if

not altogether successfully, to avoid: it is the temptation to manipulate him, as it were, to show just so much of him as I deemed prudent and no more; to make him conform to my standard, or worse still, to that of the excellent people whose approval I desired to win; to suppress those parts of his teaching which he deemed essential, but in which he had never carried me entirely with him, and from which the common opinion would dissent most strongly. Of all men, James Hinton would be most wronged by such treatment, opposed as it would be to the whole tenor of his life. Utter candour and sincerity was his only art; he could use no other. "This is the one knack I have," he writes; "truth. I believe in it implicitly. I do not mean as opposed to duplicity, but as distinguished from prudence and management, and trying not to give pain," &c. He desired to *serve* even by his mistakes—which were but knowledge in the making—and the only way of doing this was by recording exactly what he thought and saw. To use, therefore, in presenting him any method but his own of simple truth, to trim his edges, round off his corners, explain away his paradoxes, would be a treason as well as an impertinence. And yet I am bound to confess that it is only a small corner of this thinker's mind that I have attempted in these pages to reveal, and that in selecting the portions of his work to expound I have purposely left untouched those which presented most that was difficult and repellent. My aim has

been to help the student to grasp the general principles on which the master is to be interpreted, and not to justify every detail of their application.

The Appendix consists of such portions of my correspondence with Mr. Hinton as will cast light upon the subjects treated in the foregoing papers. It will be seen that in some cases I have given my own letter with its answer. It is naturally repugnant to me to reproduce my unstudied, and often very crude, effusions; but I am assured by critics, on whose judgment I can rely, that the reader is enabled thereby better to understand the drift of the reply. I trust therefore that he will accept thankfully, and not censoriously, the sacrifice I make for him. Some of the letters, or parts of them, have already appeared in the "Life and Letters" so admirably compiled by Miss Ellice Hopkins, but it seems undesirable to omit them on this account, as many readers will not have that book at hand to refer to, and the letters derive additional interest from the context. A very small portion of my correspondence has been used, and that not the most strikingly characteristic. The more intimate and private letters have naturally the most of individual interest; these must be reserved to be published eventually with the Autobiography, which will reveal for the first time the man in his true proportions. The few extracts from the Autobiography I have ventured to give

in "Hinton the Seer," will perhaps justify to the reader this anticipation.

In transcribing some of these letters for the press, I have felt as if tearing out a piece of my heart for a world that will pass it by, half-puzzled, half-scornful. But here and there in the solitudes of American backwoods, or Australian bush, or the still greater solitude of European cities—some soul, alive, but imprisoned and inarticulate, will find in this voice expression and release. From out of the grave will come that "emancipating touch," and repeat the miracles it worked in life. No heart ever spoke sincerely out of its inner depths but it was answered by some other heart. In the confident hope of awakening such a response from many a brother and sister yet unknown, I communicate these secrets of a heart that loved them.

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STUDIES IN HINTON'S ETHICS.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS OF JAMES HINTON.

I HAVE been asked to give a brief summary of the leading principles of James Hinton's Philosophy and Ethics. This is the more difficult for me since I have gathered my knowledge of his thoughts, not from any one book or series of books, but from letters and conversations extending over more than twenty years. The nearness of my relation to him, whilst it has afforded me the means of becoming intimately acquainted with his methods of thinking, and of being deeply impressed with the rich emotional life which must ever seem to those who knew him best to be his chief distinction from other men, has also rendered it difficult for me to command that general survey which is only to be obtained at a distance. The difficulty of my task is further enhanced by the fact that James Hinton was not a systematiser. The order observed in his thoughts is that of *life*, not of arbitrary arrangement. He wrote down his thoughts as they were given to him, hoping that a time of leisure would come when he would no longer have fresh revelations, and might be at liberty to review and co-ordinate the old material. But such a time never came. Until his brain

refused to perform its office, new visions were perpetually spread before him, and the Power that set him his tasks said, "Write what thou seest."

But although he never accomplished this work of co-ordinating his ideas into a system, no one can give a close attention and study to his works without feeling that they form a whole; and that his later writings, however different from the earlier ones, were their natural and inevitable outcome.

It is therefore worth while to begin this study with some account of the metaphysical conceptions which underlie his religious and ethical thought.[1]

The great desideratum in every philosophical system is that it should reveal a unity in the world without, and produce by the contemplation of that a unity of the powers of the world within. It must account for the impressions of sense and unfold an order to the intellect and satisfy the demand of the heart for love and rightness. Towards this unity the thoughts of men are perpetually striving.

At first the world presents a mass of heterogeneous objects, the senses rule the thought, and the forms created by the limitations of the various sense perceptions are conceived as separate entities without connection of mutual dependence. By degrees a thought of order and causation is developed from within, and applied to external phenomena; objects are co-ordinated and sequences of events discovered, till at length in the course of time the revolution is complete; the rule has been transferred from the senses to the intellect, and the confused mass of phenomena have been reduced by science to two conceptions, Matter and Force; these two in their turn to be

[1] For the "Theory of Knowledge," which should precede this inquiry, see "What we can Know."

fused into one according to the most recent generalisation.

Here then is a unity;—but it is not complete. There are powers within us that claim for their exercise some world other than of Matter and Force: the moral emotions acknowledge no mechanical cause; love and reverence cannot be paid to inert matter. Are there then two worlds of Matter and of Spirit, separated by impassable boundaries? Is there some remote point not yet reached by analysis where they merge into one another. If they be one—is matter to be interpreted by spirit, or spirit to be referred to laws of matter? It is on this rock of dualism that so many philosophers split; even while emphatically denying that there are two independent orders of existence, some fatal flaw in the reasoning lets in the excluded conception. James Hinton's view is this:—The spiritual (or moral) alone truly exists: the material is the phenomenon of the spiritual; it is from a "passion" in our spirit (the action of God the world-spirit) that we are made to perceive the material. The *existence* of a material world is an unwarranted inference from this perception: the true order is from the psychical to the physical, not *vice versâ;* so that we should not ask:—"What is this material which I perceive?" but "What is that actual which causes me to see such and such material things?"

This doctrine Hinton calls Actualism, because his assertion is, "Only that *is* which *acts*." Now inertia, or not acting, is the character of the material, therefore it does not exist. But a very serious difficulty arises here. If the fact of the world—the absolute reality which underlies all the phenomena—be moral or spiritual, why do we not feel it as such? Why do spiritual things seem to us unreal and far away, and material things excite in

us an overpowering emotion? Or rather, why have we called that unknown cause of our emotion "material," and when thinking the best way we could attributed to it these qualities of impenetrability, inertia, &c., which seem to preclude the possibility of its producing that emotion?

It is in the answer to this question that we have the uniting point of religion and philosophy. The central doctrine of Christianity (fundamental too—to the older revelation) is the Death of Man—that is the condition from which Christ comes to set him free; "I am come that they might have life." Now this translated into terms of philosophy is that man has a false consciousness—there is a negation, an absence in him, whereby the actual is non-existent to him, or affects him only as physical. His belief that he is in a material world only expresses his non-perception that he is in a spiritual world. His affirmations therefore concerning the existence outside him are of no value in themselves, but they yield important evidence of his own state. Science too, no less than man's instinctive thought, reveals to man this defect in his condition. For Science, in demonstrating the undeviating regularity of mechanical laws and excluding from its view of Nature everything that would interrupt the continuity of cause and effect, impresses upon the mind the image of the world as inert matter acted upon by one force manifesting itself in various forms. Amidst the inert world, man, conscious of will and power, imagines himself to be the one living being, and Nature, in so far as she differs from him, is in his thought inferior to himself. But Science will not leave him in this illusion. With ruthless hand she expels Life and Freedom from their last refuge, and shows in the brain cell the same unvarying sequences as in the stars and the clod. Man's boasted freewill is but the tossing of the limbs of the

dreaming prisoner: his fancied "beginning" is but ignorance of antecedents. But until the work of Science had attained the completeness that it has in our day, by reducing all phenomena, however apparently anomalous, to the uniform operation of law and establishing an unbroken sequence, it could not have laid the basis of an affirmation that should hold true of all the physical. As long as there remained any corner of the material world, in the remote past, or in the subtlest ether, or in the minutest brain cell where an extra-mechanical power could produce a mechanical result, there was room for the introduction of a dual principle that would vitiate the whole result. The triumphs of materialistic science, upon which some good people have looked with such dismay, are the necessary conditions for the interpretation of the problem. Let it be stated boldly that the intellect can deal but with phenomena, that its world of Time, Space, Causality cannot exist: what is this but to affirm an existence different from this, that of an actual Being capable of producing in us the moral emotions that we feel within? The work of the intellect is only critical, negative: it shows us what Being is *not*. But there is a faculty in us which reaches beyond these shadows. It is in *loving* that we apprehend Being. "We *are* in Him that is true." "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God." This *being* is the only true knowing—the casting out of self, the negation. The word knowledge as an intellectual act can only accurately be applied to phenomena, "We know *in part*." To know God or Being is not to make a statement in intelligible terms; it is

> "to close with all we love
> And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Here language itself breaks down or has its use identi-

fied with that of music and painting as a symbol of that which cannot be definitely expressed.

To sum up. We apprehend the world in a threefold way: 1st, as an appearance to the sense; 2nd, as phenomena interpreted by the intellect and referred to its own categories of Time and Space and Causation; and 3rd, as the true Being affirmed by our moral nature as Love or Holiness.

There is this advantage in Hinton's separation of the idea of existence from the thought-picture of the world which Science presents, that it leaves the intellect perfectly free to deal with the phenomena according to its own laws without interferences on the part of the religious faculties—whilst, on the other hand, the intellect is not allowed to invalidate the affirmations of the heart. No "Spirit" action can interrupt the sequence of cause and effect, when once it is understood that Causality is but one of the modes in which the action of the Eternal Spirit clothes itself to our apprehension. Thus a reconciliation is prepared between Religion and Science, or more properly between the heart and the intellect, without compromise of the claims of either. Faith does not intrude itself in an undignified manner into the lacunæ of the phenomenal knowledge to be ignominously expelled when those lacunæ are filled up; but hovers grandly over the whole domain, claiming for its own those regions of existence into which Science has herself declared in no equivocal terms that she cannot enter.

The religious aspect of the Death of Man, as stated by James Hinton, will be seen to be different from the current theological notions. According to these representations, man is in danger of dying, is condemned to death, but is meanwhile in a "state of probation" which implies that he has his life. His sin is represented as the

cause of his death. Whereas, in James Hinton's view, it is the *effect* of that condition, and becomes ultimately the means of its removal; it comes from his not being cognisant of the Eternal, and being therefore under the sway of the temporal and the phenomenal. ("Through the ignorance that is in him," as the Bible has it.) He "walketh in a vain show," he is "drawn away of his own lust and enticed," he is passive when he should be active, he is "consumed by the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," *i.e.* by his own insatiable passions.

Man is not threatened with an imaginary death in an unreal world of the future of which he knows nothing, and for which he cannot be made to care. Hell and Heaven are here, and now. This is the Eternal world, and there is no other; it needs but that our eyes be opened. To regard Life and Death as equivalent to Pleasure and Pain; to work upon man's hopes and fears as motive powers to right action, is to do man's nature a cruel wrong. He wants to be saved from himself, to be made to *love*, to live. He wants not to *get*, however you may change and refine the form of his getting, but to be delivered from the necessity of getting, to be made willing to give, to bear, to sacrifice himself. If the gospel of Christ can do this for him, it can save him; if not, it has no message for him.

If we now turn to the practical bearing of this view of the visible world as being the phenomenon of a spiritual reality, it will be evident that such a belief tends to bring forth the fruit of right action, for it is treating the world according to its true nature. We can navigate the difficult waters of life the better for a true astronomy. The "victory that overcometh the world" belongs to Faith, which is the realisation of the not-seen. But even judging apart from the religious stand-point, the all-absorbing pursuit of wealth and material good will often strike the observer—

a mere worldly satirist—as an *insanity;* these *things* are evidently invested with an illusory value. Do we not all recognise a great man by his superiority to the outward accidents of life? he grasps these visible things and uses them, he is not used by them. In reading an ordinary society novel—take "Lothair" and "Endymion" for examples—in which the men and women are treated as mere appendages to their belongings, and the author revels in description of dress, upholstery and feasting, one has the sensation of watching children at play in the nursery, or still more of seeing adult idiots at their games, flying kites and blowing soap bubbles. One emerges from this jabbering crew into the society of men of "plain living and high thinking," and one breathes freely in an atmosphere of sanity. It is true the world calls a man mad who gives up an income, to devote himself to the pursuit of truth; but is it not the world that is mad, the world which with all its busy trifling

> "Weaves, and is clothed with derision,
> Sows, and it shall not reap"?

There is no neglect of the physical implied in thus using it as money wherewith to purchase the spiritual, any more than you can be said to despise a sovereign when you part with it in exchange for something of equivalent worth. "There is no investment," says Carlyle, "so good as the bank of affection, where perishable silver and gold are changed into imperishable recollection of kind feelings." "Be practical," says Hinton, "but be so in the right way; attend to these physical things, but understand for what reason and purpose; they are not an end, they are not of value in themselves, but are essential to the attainment of that which is valuable. There is more in them than we have thought."

The true use of every self pleasure is to be sacrificed; every "having" is valuable chiefly as the seed of the future "giving:" the hands thus emptied can be filled again, but only to be again emptied, and this process to be repeated on an ever ascending scale. Thus the seen is perpetually given up for the unseen, self for others. This view of life not only confers a philosophic calm and an immunity from the "fretful stir unprofitable and the fever of the world," but the loveliness of charity, and the ease and grace of a perfect courtesy applied to great as well as to small things.

Why on coming to the feast of life, do we, with our pushing and snatching, mar the viands and spill the wine? There is enough for all, if each did not strive to be helped first. Let good manners be universalised. "But lands and wealth are too important to be treated so lightly," says our practical man. My friend, that is exactly what the boor feels about his dinner;—and what does it prove, but that he is a boor? "Don't let us be greedy any more," says this philosopher, with the voice of a child, looking straight at us with his kind frank eyes and taking our hands, and we—with our hearts full of money getting, pleasure seeking, social ambition, and intrigues for precedence—we hear and feel how small we are. We are nothing but greedy children after all. Have we not been glorying in our shame?

Perhaps these things are too obvious to need saying; but Hinton has been so often charged with being "unpractical" that I wished to show how naturally and inevitably a certain mode of life was bound up with his metaphysical theories. Grant one postulate, and all the rest follows.

And surely, as the test of truth in any theory of physical science is not only its accounting for facts, but the power

it gives for predicting events (such as eclipses, &c.), and of using the forces of Nature to bring about certain designed results; so the ultimate test of a philosophy must be that it furnishes a clue to the interpretation of the moral facts around us, and a guide for the right ordering of our lives. It is inconceivable that a false thought of the world should give one the mastery over it, and it is, at the same time, undeniable that the men who have lived "in the spirit of this creed" have, for their fellows and themselves, drawn the sting from the ills of life, and unlocked the springs of pure and inexhaustible joy.

This remark brings us upon the subject of Optimism and Pessimism, which are now-a-days regarded as distinctive characteristics of every philosophy. It will be gathered from what has preceded that Hinton's view of life belongs to the former category. And this is remarkable, not only because Idealism is generally found in alliance with Pessimism, and Materialism with Optimism, but also because he is in many points, especially in his theory of self-consciousness, so nearly akin to the Pessimist Schopenhauer. His philosophy is most distinctively Christian, and Schopenhauer insists strongly that Christianity, contrasted with Judaism, is a pessimist, opposed to an optimist, theory. Hinton does not yield one jot to Schopenhauer in his estimate of the folly, wickedness, and misery of mankind: he lays the firmest grasp on all the facts that make for Pessimism, so that no one can charge him with the shallowness and one-sidedness which is so often urged against those who take a flattering view of this "best of possible worlds." If regarded as contrived for the purpose of giving conscious happiness, the world must be owned to be a failure. "Perfect happiness," he says, "is just a putting aside of consciousness. To us now such a state never lasts, it

passes away and consciousness returns; we only remember that we *were* happy." It is only because he regards man as made for love, for the perfect merging of the *self*-consciousness in a man-consciousness that he could call this world good. To the Self it is Hell, the lake of fire, but that is because it is in the destruction of Self that the life of Man is achieved. His explanations of the facts of life are almost identical with Schopenhauer's, but the difference between them is, that while his nature was so attuned to Love, that for him the harshest discords of fate melted into the universal harmony: for poor Schopenhauer the jarring note of the Self (the Will) was perpetually sounding and turning the world's harmony into discord.

Schopenhauer interprets truly the theory of Christianity, but Hinton is a Christian, and knows from within those secrets of the mystic's life upon which the other only speculates.

If Hinton's theology, as his philosophy, was deeply based on the conception of the Fall, the Death, of man, it was crowned by his belief in the Redemption by the voluntary self-sacrifice of Man. This was never absent from his thoughts, and it was this glorious hope and vision of the destiny of man that gave him courage to confront pain.

The contrast between the two men was very remarkable. The Pessimist philosopher, who held that life was not worth living for the mass of his fellow-creatures, dressed with fastidious taste, dined delicately, even sumptuously, guarded himself with scrupulous care from all that could jar upon his nerves, or impair his digestion. The other, to whom had been shown in vision "what the world will be when the years are passed away," went forth undaunted to gather up the sorrows of men and women like a sheaf of darts into his sensitive bosom; to fling himself against that adamantine wall of the "false right," behind which

man was imprisoned, and, foiled and bleeding, gather himself up again and again for a fresh onslaught. And though at last he died rather of a broken heart than of a worn-out brain, he was able to say with that last smile of his before the cloud he dreaded hid him from our sight, "The price will have to be paid, but *I am willing.*" How weak and cowardly is despair, how strong and brave is hope!

But I am anticipating here the later portion of Hinton's work, the new thoughts on Ethics, which are separated by an interval of five or six years from those which we have been considering. I will state these thoughts here as concisely as I can, referring the reader to other portions of the volume for exemplifications of it.

Hinton was accustomed to speak of the present as the "morally dark age," by which he meant something more than a vague denunciation of its immorality. He would point to its parallel in the intellectually "dark age" as the time when the intellect was being sharpened and perfected as an instrument of knowledge before being applied to its true use in the interpretation of Nature. Most frivolous were often the problems treated in the disquisitions of the schoolmen, but they brought to those disquisitions and exercised by means of them the faculties which, when once the true field was opened up for them, through the Baconian method, reaped such a rich harvest of knowledge. Even so it is to-day with the moral faculties; they are enormously developed, but not put to their true use.

Nothing is more striking than to contrast the refined and exquisite culture of the emotions as reflected in our literature (compared with that of any previous age) with the state of our practical morals. Some day it will seem incredible that the horrors of our great cities should have

existed side by side with our lofty ideals in prose and verse. Men will wonder to read of duchesses found on their knees dusting the marble of the chancel in a West-end church to procure the taste of "sweet self-sacrifice," while in the East their sisters are wearing away their womanhood in hopeless toil for three farthings an hour. Our religion will—unjustly, no doubt—be then pronounced to have been the most hollow mockery that ever deceived mankind. That a similar injustice was done to the men of the old learning after it was superseded by a science of more practical utility is humorously evidenced by the fact that the erudite and ingenious Duns Scotus has his name immortalised in "Dunce." Which of our moralists and divines of to-day will share a similar fate, when our "fancy morals" have given place to a practical religion, that instead of disporting itself in an ideal heaven, sets itself to interpret the facts of human life as Science has done those of the physical world? There is evidence on all hands that the much-needed transformation of our ethical theories can only be effected by such a return to Nature and fact, and that the Bacon who is to terminate the morally dark age must show the same boldness as his predecessor in facing things as they are in human life, and setting aside time-honoured superstitions and *à priori* arguments. Perhaps when the thought-history of this century comes to be written, some such place as this may be assigned to James Hinton. At all events his work in ethics appeared to himself by far the most important result of his life. The whole world had transformed itself to him in the light of the new thought. There is in Macaulay's Essay a familiar comparison of Bacon to Moses on Pisgah, "surveying the barren desert along which mankind had travelled, and the verdant and fruitful land upon which, guided by his new method, they

were to enter;" it applies to Hinton, but in as far deeper a sense, as a moral surpasses a material benefit. Those who knew him well will recall such a look in his eyes as they have never seen elsewhere, as if the gladness of the vision had set its seal on their unfathomable depth.

To explain this new ethical thought it will be necessary to refer to some conceptions derived from physiology, which will be familiar to his readers. Life presents itself everywhere, whether in the individual body or the social organism, as a series of processes of nutrition and function, or the production and the ceasing of a tension, the storing up of force and its liberation. In the case of the decaying body, there is present, *in reference to that body*, only the latter of these phenomena, though doubtless the force is taken up in other forms by surrounding bodies which then exhibit a state of tension. Now it might seem, when we look at the existing corruption of society, as if this state of dissolution were actually reached. A terrible prospect is spread before us; we seem to be assisting at a feast of death; despair gathers over our heart. But the eye that dives below the surface sees something else. An enormous moral force is held in a state of tension in this society of ours. Laws are upheld, painful duties are performed, restraints are undergone, involving the expenditure of this force and the withholding it from other uses. It appears further that these restraining laws are very largely engaged, not in averting mischief, but in thwarting the natural passions which are indispensable factors in the attainment of social good, the lack of which cannot be supplied by any conscious efforts, however wisely directed.[1]

[1] The word "passion," as used in these pages, is to be understood in no limited or technical sense, but as expressing the whole force or currents with which our nature tends towards that which is perceived as desirable, or felt as needful. In a perfect social state this passion would naturally flow into the channels created by others' needs.

Here then we have a clue to some at least of the miserable anomalies of our social state; our strength is paralysed by an internal warfare between our powers; Duty and Passion are at war: to strengthen one is to inflict a fatal blow on the other; but we cannot dispense with either for the right ordering of our lives. Can this strife be healed? On the answer to this depends our hope for the world. What is it that makes the sense of right to be opposed to pleasure or the free play of passion (for that the opposition exists no one who studies human life can deny)?

If we look we shall find that this antagonism depends upon the regard being fixed on Self; the proof of this is that it varies in intensity with the degree in which Self is regarded, and vanishes altogether when (as in actions prompted by Love or Genius) the attention is wholly upon others, or upon the work. A mother tending her babe, an artist labouring to set forth his conception of beauty, a thinker pursuing with ardour the discovery of Truth, these owe allegiance to no law that forbids pleasure, because their passion tends wholly in the direction of their duty. This is, however, no new observation. To have the law written on the heart is a moral ideal more than two thousand years old; but in the common view it is as far off realisation as ever, and the "good" people are mostly content with a virtue that more or less forbids pleasure, at least for this world. The originality of Hinton was not in the ideal, but in the perception that the attainment of this result was the object of human life, and that it was actually being wrought out in the constitution and course of this world's history.

One word here as to the "teleological" view which may perhaps offend some squeamish philosophers. I know that in these days we may not hint at an "end" or "purpose"

without being called to account and told that Science knows nothing of "final Causes." To these objectors I would quote the words of Mr. Shadworth Hodgson,[1] "The expression 'Whole and Parts' is but another way of saying Final and Efficient Cause. The whole of anything is its final cause, the parts are the chain of conditions which build it up. And the whole or final cause of anything is that which alone gives a character to the parts composing it. From Philosophy final causes can be banished only by mistake of what they really are and mean, so that their return is inevitable the moment any man begins to philosophise with insight. And Hinton is marked as a born philosopher by nothing more decisively than by the constant and almost involuntary use which he makes of this conception as a principle of thought, by the way in which it is ingrained in the texture of his speculations." Speculation is indeed hardly the word. He had *a vision* of the dynamics of man's life, he saw how wheel worked wheel, and a force was stored up and released; how hindrance here meant activity there, and equal opposites revealed themselves in a thousand subtle ways, working out their inevitable compensations. It was this that made Hinton the reconciler of Optimism and Pessimism as he was of Materialism and Idealism.

It has been pointed out how Idealism naturally goes with Pessimism and Materialism with Optimism, and for this reason: The Materialist with his eye fixed on the triumphs of common sense as applied to physical things (look, *e.g.*, at the perfection to which Science has brought machinery in our great productive work, or the magnificent organisation by which a port like Liverpool distributes the wealth of the world) cannot believe that the unreason in human life can be permanent. The Idealist, on the other

[1] See Introduction to "The Art of Thinking."

hand, who is more impressed by our moral failure than by our material successes, and whose truer insight tells him that no mere physical force or intellectual knowledge can reach the source of the evils from which man suffers, is naturally a Pessemist. James Hinton united the two; he sees that only a moral force can change society, but he also sees that the force *is* there working in these very "tensions" that we call evils. Therefore he has hope for the world.

To return from this digression. To banish the Self from man is then the design of this life; we know nothing about the conditions of any other, but this is the traceable plan of the present world. Let it be remembered that, in James Hinton's view, the self is a minus; self-regard is a not-regard; it is to the moral what ignorance is to the mental life, and it is cast out by a process similar to that of the making of knowledge, *i.e.*, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, leading to a correction of the premiss. Ignorance in the starting-point is unsuspected till the logical process, which is the natural outcome of the intellectual life, brings out the falsity of the conclusions and these react upon the premisses. Even so it is natural and apparently innocent at first to act for self, but the not-regard works out such harmful results that the wrongness of the basis stands revealed, and in those very mischiefs lies a power available for its rectification. The reason why self-regard will not do as a basis, is because it has the effect of setting against each other the two strongest principles in the human breast, the desire to do right, and the desire for pleasure, so that the indulgence of either of these excludes the other. For it is evident that when a man's life is bent on self-gratification, his virtue must consist mainly in a restraint of passion, or what is the same thing, a foregoing of pleasure. Unrestrained indulgence of selfish desires

means war, the destruction of society; therefore a self-based life can know no other goodness than that of restraint. But here is the dilemma: as Nature has indissolubly linked together Pleasure and Use in most of the actions which subserve human life, it is evident that the task laid upon man is that he shall be able to take pleasure purely, or not for self. But he is not able to reach this result at one bound; the first step in the process takes him apparently further from the goal. Feeling the incompatibility of Pleasure and Goodness—man first refuses Pleasure. He does not distinguish between the kinds of pleasure that service enjoins, and those which it forbids, his thought being on Self has made all pleasure forbidden, and in so far as he reaches his ideal he turns against all. Of course he does this very imperfectly, and it will be found that the indulgences he allows himself are those for which there is the least justification on the ground of their utility to others. This may be plainly seen in the ascetic life with its revenges and compensations of gross licence. The limit to which this pleasure-denial is carried, is fixed only by the capacity of human nature to endure; its painful history is written, not only in every form of self-torture, but in the cruelest oppressions that man has ever inflicted on his fellows. But with all its errors, Asceticism has secured one result: it has taught men the power of refusing pleasure for the sake of right; that power is used for mischief so long as a false thought of right is in their hearts, but once gained it will not be lost, and will be available when the true right, the Service right, demands it of them. It is in this stage that the false law weaves its chain around the conscience, forbidding certain external actions, making a wrong and right in rigid *things*. But this false law bears in itself the force by which it is destined to be overthrown. A law of *things* is sure to

diverge more and more from the true demands of Service which are ever varying in the development of society. Hence a great force of human passion is brought to bear against the false law, a barrier has been raised to check the satisfaction of a natural want, an artificial evil is engendered, and as in the body, when any of its natural functions are arrested, disease, decay, corruption spring up. The physicians of the social body try in vain to deal with these local evils, fed as they are by all the natural currents of life. Nor will the gathering tide of itself break the barrier, for behind it is entrenched the strongest of man's passions, the love of right. There is but one remedy, a new thought of right, one that shall no longer set the conscience against service, but enlist it under her banner to fight against the ills that enthral Humanity. Now this can only be done by breaking the false law of things, and in such a way that the true law, the law of Service, may be vindicated. Hence, the title of the book recently published, "The Lawbreaker," containing selections from the MSS. on Ethics, displaying the vision of a transformed world, that had been revealed to this Seer of the nineteenth century.

"The world has grown old," we say to-day, our wisdom is melancholy, our mirth more melancholy still. Our best thinkers and tenderest hearts are Pessimists, and our young men, when cricket and tennis cease to charm, preach gospels of despair. "Is life worth living?" languidly asks the dilettante philosopher; the answers are various, but the balance inclines to the negative.

But here is one in whose mouth a new song has been set. He cries to the modern City that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity pardoned. The long tension is past. Liberty is proclaimed to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. The new

path, so hard to find, so easy to tread, has been laid open and all may enter. "Pleasures for evermore," not in some far-off ideal region, but *here*, when once the secret of life has been guessed, when the antagonism between Pleasure and Right has been removed by the banishing of the Self. But when will these things be? we ask incredulous. Ah! our prophet has no word of times or seasons. The kingdom of heaven is at hand, is here; the Day of the Lord is come; Truth is always true, it needs but the opening of the eyes to see it. The time is always "come" for the forsaking the false law and coming under the true. But as to the question of detail; of social forms; "with what body they come:"[1] he hazarded no definite speculation,—whether society should ultimately organise itself round a King or a Republic—whether land and capital should be held by individuals or communities; whether marriage should be simple or complex, he knew not. But one thing he knew, and that was all he cared for, that one day Service would rule, that passion should flow freely into the channels Nature has provided, and fertilising the shores of human life, endow them with a paradise of pleasures unimaginable hitherto. For the rule of Self has blighted pleasure no less fatally than it has goodness. Pleasure is in the unchecked flow of desire and emotion: it will not attach itself to certain definite things, a *self*-pleasure is as truly not pleasure as self-virtue is not virtue. Then when in the enthronement of the law of Service the condition had been fulfilled for the free play of passion, the hour of woman's deliverance would have struck. For, as has been recognised by seers in all ages, from the myth of Eden downwards, woman is the great joy-bringer to man, and if there be anything in

[1] See Letter xviii. Appendix.

him which forbids joy it tends in the same degree to degrade woman by placing her amongst the hindrances to his moral and spiritual progress. We are apt to think that such forbiddings are a thing of the past and buried with the ascetic ages, but the presence of an unsolved woman-problem in our midst to-day should make us question that conclusion. For it is not a *superstition* that forbids pleasure to a man who is living to himself; it is the Divine voice within him, and cannot be silenced but by his sinking into God-forsaken depths. As long as the rule of Self is paramount in the heart, so long will the free play of emotion, in which the mutual joy of man and woman consists, be checked and thwarted, and so long will there be an external woman-problem corresponding to the internal discord.

The outward disorder answers to the disease within, it exists for the manifestation and the cure of this. It is this method of treating all social as ethical questions "writ large" that distinguishes Hinton, and one sees in it but the repetition of the great affirmation with which he began "The Material world is the Phenomenon of the Spiritual." A social science that deals only with the external relations of men and women to each other was to him a mere quackery. From within were to flow the waters of healing. Here lies the immense significance of his work as regards the great question of our day. From the time when in his early manhood the thought of the degradation of woman laid its grasp upon his heart, it had held it as in a vice, and in that torture had been wrought all his labours. Nor was he released until he had found this solution and had seen how pleasure, and therefore woman, should one day be freed.

From this brief sketch it will be evident that *revolt* was the key-note of Hinton's ethical teaching; revolt

against the whole spirit and course of our modern life. And a man will approve or condemn him just in proportion as he himself is at strife or at harmony with the system of things around him. Hinton will never commend himself to those that "sit at ease." He says of himself, "I am a man of the new age, and I break through the wrongs of this. I throw aside alike its wrongs and its rights, refuse them both, break its forbiddings and find forbidden its allowed things. And this is the point: both of them must be done *together*. . . ."

The world says: you may live for yourself according to the prescribed methods, but there are certain things you may not do. Hinton says: you may *not* live for yourself, but there are no "things" you may not do if love and the service of your fellows command them.

Some people, especially since the publication of "The Lawbreaker," have an idea that he advocated dangerous licence, but they are looking only at half of what he said. It should never be forgotten that whilst keeping before the eyes the standard of freedom, he always insisted most strenuously upon fulfilling the conditions on which alone freedom is safe or even possible. "Liberty is your heritage," he says to men, "then be such that you can claim it."

The mode of life that attracted his passionate desire was at the furthest possible remove from the life of the fortunate and respectable classes amongst us to-day. We have unlimited indulgence for the body, but cruel fetters for the soul: we are ever inventing fresh luxuries for the jaded senses, whilst the heart is starving and the energies paralysed. He (as we learn from his outpourings in his Autobiography) would have chosen to live with the lowest, sharing every hardship, confronting every form of misery and degradation, but he would leave his hands free to carry

out the dictates of a heart that sought for nothing but good; he would owe allegiance to no law but the "law of service." He died with the longing unappeased, but left it burning in the hearts of some of his disciples, to work out by slow degrees the fulfilment of his own prophecy.

UTILITARIANISM AND ALTRUISM.

A DISCUSSION.

(AFTER the reading of the foregoing paper on the Philosophy and Ethics of James Hinton, a discussion took place. The following pages do not pretend to give any accurate report of that conversation, but these objections were actually then brought forward, and I have taken the liberty of answering them now more fully than time allowed on that occasion.)

Mr. A. I should like to know what there is new in Mr. Hinton's "law of service"? How does it differ from the Utilitarianism with which we are familiar? That the "right" is the useful is surely an old doctrine. Did Mr Hinton mean anything more than Mill and Bentham have said on that subject?

C. H. He was frequently asked that question: I found a note on it the other day in his Autobiography, showing that he felt himself to be in extreme antagonism to the Utilitarians in spirit and aim, though, as he adds, "I am more utilitarian than they themselves."

The useful thing is what ought to be done no doubt, but not because it has a value in itself, but because of the moral qualities evolved in doing it. I ought to care that my neighbour is fed and clothed, but it is my moral condition, not his material comfort, that is of real importance. The "uses" must be made the means not the end.

Mr. A. But are we not then thrown back into the very

attitude against which Mr. Hinton protested so strongly, that of cultivating our own goodness?

If the usefulness of the action is not to be the object sought we shall be thinking of ourselves whilst professing to serve others. I see no alternative.

C. H. Will you allow me a simple illustration to make the matter clearer?

A father sets his son to chop wood; the wood wants chopping, no doubt; but the boy's muscles also need exercising, and that is what the father chiefly aims at. Possibly he might get the work done in a more expeditious and economical way. By-and-by, when the lad no longer needs this exercise, or has found other tasks more suited to his growing powers, the father will have the wood chopped by a servant or employ machinery; but for the present he secures his object best by giving the boy this stimulus to his energies.

True, he might have devised a series of gymnastic exercises; that would have had the same effect upon the muscles, and he might have explained to his son the purpose he had in view. We will suppose he takes this course, and, to make the illustration closer, that the boy's muscles had become stiff through disuse or disease, so that every exertion was at first painful, and he felt that as an evil which to a healthy person would be good, and that he only pursued the exercise from a trust in his father's wisdom and desire to please him. The painfulness of the discipline would thus be associated with love to his father, and by a natural process he would come to measure the worth of his action by its irksomeness. Having no external object on which to expend his energy—no growing heaps of wood (as in the other case supposed) to reward his exertions—his thoughts are fixed on the sensations of his own body.

Gradually a moral self-satisfaction would be engendered by the consciousness of endurance, and love to the father would become a secondary motive, or slip away altogether, the exertions being continued from pride. But this would necessitate an ever greater strain upon the powers; the exercises prescribed by the father's wisdom would have become easy and even pleasant by repetition; they would therefore be abandoned for others, the only merit of which would be their painfulness. These exercises having no reference to any external object to be attained, nor being planned with a knowledge of the body to be developed, would be unnatural and distorting, and would tend to become more and more so to satisfy the falsified conscience.[1]

Here we have the history of Asceticism, the source of which lies in the divorce between the ideas of right and service, and the substitution for the latter of the notion of painfulness or constraint. Farther and farther does the type of self-virtue depart from Nature, till instead of the healthy, happy wood cutter we have St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, and the world's work left undone or ill performed by hirelings.

To return to our illustration: if the father, instead of giving the boy a mere gymnastic exercise which concentrated his attention upon his muscles, had set him a useful task in the accomplishment of which he might forget himself, his pain at the beginning and his subsequent pleasure in healthy effort would have appeared merely as the incidents, not as the object, of his toil. But equally in both cases we assume the father's aim was to develop the son's powers, the thing produced by this toil

[1] On the whole question of moral gymnastics see Letter XV. in Appendix.

was of secondary and subsidiary importance. This illustrates the difference between Hinton's ethical view and that of the Utilitarians, the latter regarding the usefulness of the action as constituting its value. Utilitarianism has always a tendency to become what Carlyle calls the "pig-wash" theory, since "use" means power to afford pleasure, or relieve pain, and pleasure or happiness admits of an immense variety of definition, according to the moral and intellectual development of the person enjoying it, through all degrees of the scale from the hero to the pig. It is this frequent association with a degrading materialism that has led men of noble minds to revolt from Utilitarianism and to assert that

> "Because Right is Right to follow Right
> Is Wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

And then the opposite danger is incurred of giving "right" a meaning quite independent of the human relations of our actions, and this leads almost inevitably to a cruel, self-regarding virtue. The value of Hinton's idea is that it avoids both these dangers. By holding on to the "traceable needs of men," the type of goodness aimed at is kept from becoming stern, unpractical, and fantastic, whilst at the same time it is *goodness*, the evolution of the moral life, not mere physical pleasure, that is the aim of the Being whose designs are worked out in human history.

Mr. A. The weak point of this illustration, it seems to me, is that it assumes the existence of a Father, and the working out of a design in human life; this postulate will not be conceded by all. An ethic that rests upon a theology has a very precarious basis.

C. H. I anticipated that objection: it is not difficult to answer. This ethical conception does not depend upon the hypothesis of a personal God, although no doubt it

has a special value as a corrective of the superstitions that are apt to warp the morality attached to all religions. The very essence of the reform in religion made by Jesus Christ is contained in those words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to Me." Here all social amelioration is implicitly bound up with and made a part of true religion. In the present day, when theology is crumbling away, and the religion of Humanity seems to be taking its place, it is of the highest importance to recognise this distinctive teaching of Christianity, that work for man is the truest worship.

But to proceed to your objection. Those who are the least disposed to admit the conception of a personal God and an overruling Will, do not fail to recognise a unity, a co-ordination of parts and functions in the human as in the material world, a principle that makes the world a whole and not a mere aggregate of dissimilar things, a kosmos, not a chaos. The very phrase "the philosophy of history" implies this recognition.

Now if, instead of "God," I say the Nature of the Universe (as Marcus Aurelius uses the term Zeus)—the constitution of things—the same ethical idea will still hold good.[1] To revert to our simple illustration: it is no longer the father who gives his son a heap of logs to chop up, but the task is imposed by the necessities of a sick neighbour, who will be left without fire if the wood is not brought to him. There is evidently an adaptation between the external circumstances and the inner nature of man, as there is between the environment and the growing life of a plant or animal.

To supply the needs of their physical existence men

[1] "The divine will," says George Eliot in a letter, "is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril."

were forced together into groups and with society morality began. To call this *design* is but to say that we recognise a relation between these facts of man's history—it is not to make an unwarranted affirmation about the "intellect" of an Unknown Being. It is then in men's need of each other that the foundation is laid of the moral sentiment—the response to these claims constitutes Duty. If man refuses to fulfil the claim which his social position entails upon him, he pays the penalty in a dwarfed and stunted development.

That there is a plan of human life is read, alas, only too clearly in the miseries that ensue upon its non-fulfilment. This is exactly what we see in the state of society to-day: on the one hand, we see whole classes enervated and corrupted by idleness and luxury, their energies running into mischief, their passions turned in upon themselves with deadly effect for want of natural channels in which to expend their force; and on the other hand we see a multitude of useful tasks left unperformed, a seething mass of misery that means human needs crying in vain for satisfaction. These two evils are exactly correlated in amount, so that it has become a mere commonplace of sociological observations that the number of idle rich in a community determines and corresponds with the number of suffering poor. This correspondence points to a deep underlying unity (if we will not call it a vast over-arching Providence).

The nature of the universe prescribes certain tasks to men. They are written clear for him in the needs of his fellows; to fulfil them is life and health, to neglect them decay and death. Here, in the selfishness of the rich and the suffering of the poor, are the two evils that exist for each others' remedy: on the one hand the stiffened and

powerless muscles, on the other the heap of uncut logs and the shivering neighbour.

Now Hinton's principle is mainly the recognition of this correspondence as the basis of ethics; the passions, the energies of men, need an object; the needs of other men supply that object. This brings ethics in a line with science; moral rightness is the response of the heart to a moral fact, just as science is the recognition by the intellect of a phenomenal order. To act rightly is to act according to the truth of things and not according to our false feeling and apprehension of them. Men *are* not the separate "selves" they feel themselves to be, they are parts of a Whole, and to love, *i.e.* to act for the general good, is therefore to "*do* the truth:" it is supreme reasonableness.

It will be seen that the main difference between this "Altruism" and Utilitarianism is that in the former the stress is laid upon the motive, the springs of action: it must be for others, not for self; in the other the stress is laid upon the useful *results* of the action. These should no doubt be taken into careful consideration as a guide to conduct, but to regard them as *tests* of rightness would be to condemn all "unprofitable" heroism, and of all things this is what the world could most ill afford to lose:

> "The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero."

The Utilitarian theory has always been regarded as more or less hostile to the heroic element. Even Asceticism, with all its rigidity, is less repressive to the free passion of a generous spirit than the deliberate pursuit of pleasure and profit, even though this be saved from utter selfishness by being the pleasure and profit of "the greatest number."

Now Hinton's Philosophy has at least this for its most characteristic mark, that it justifies heroism as one with the highest reason. Self-sacrifice is the only thing that never is wasted; by loving, giving up ourselves, we enter into life.

Mrs. B. This sounds very beautiful in theory, but practically it does not work. Your very self-sacrificing people are exasperating to me; they make life so unnecessarily uncomfortable to themselves, and consequently to kind-hearted friends about them. Besides they are the cause of selfishness in others, who are tempted to take advantage of them. In a family this is frequently seen. You know the proverb, "A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter." The parents who take all the sacrifices upon themselves and indulge their children, are often rewarded by seeing them grow up selfish, idle, and luxurious.

C. H. There are several things to be said in answer. First, as to the practical effect of self-sacrifice. All experience proves that it is contagious, and that there is no other way of propagating love; perhaps because only the love that accepts pain for another's sake proves itself to be genuine. Only life can reproduce itself. A country is saved by its heroes: "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Eighteen centuries of corruption have not sufficed to deprive Christianity of its vital principle—the Cross of Love: even the incubus of all the State Churches has not stifled that living seed. It is true, even this self-sacrificing love may fail to touch the obdurately selfish, but there is nothing else that can take its place. The contest of opposing egotisms will never evolve a virtue. The case of families where the sacrifices of parents intensify selfishness in the children is very instructive, but it does not invalidate what I have said. It points to

the fact that the family is in its turn an enlarged "self," that has to be sacrificed to the larger interests outside it, in order that it too may possess its true life.

Mutual affection is cemented by mutual sacrifices, but still more by sacrifices made for a common cause. The love of fellow-soldiers for each other is proverbial. A man may toil hard and stint himself to provide his children with luxuries that he has never enjoyed, and may be rewarded by their ingratitude and neglect. But let his children see him brave poverty or hardship for public duty, or suffer in the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and they will almost invariably be infected by the same spirit, they too will scorn a life of selfish ease. Give a child the choice, and it will in most cases choose right, but it is appalling to think how few of the children in our well-to-do "Christian" homes have ever had a chance given to them of the *taste* of altruistic pleasure. And it must be tasted to be known at all; descriptions will not do. Singing hymns about the "cross" will not give a child the *feel* of it, like giving up a week's pocket money for a definite good to another. The vapid sentimentalities that pass for religion amongst us are utterly powerless to fortify our young people against the current of selfishness, reinforced by the examples and traditions of their family and class. The English home, of which we are so proud, is stricken with a deadly corruption through that very isolation which has been supposed necessary to secure its purity. Whatever stagnates becomes foul: to make the home sweet and pure a current must be set up, and this is done by admitting the pressure of outside claims. Let the sympathies be drawn out to the needs of the world, and the life of the family will be renewed. It is entirely a delusive appearance that connects the *sacrifice* of the parent with the selfishness of the child—it is rather that

the sacrifice does not go far enough, it should embrace the larger self, the home. The connection of patriotism with family affection has been often pointed out, but from one side only, viz., that the family is the root of the country, the focus from which love of the fatherland is kindled. Attention is less frequently called to the fact, equally important, that love of country reacts upon family affection, and, conversely, that the home life which is cherished to the neglect of larger claims has in it the seeds of dissolution.

It has often struck me, that amidst all the corruption of civil and political life, the "salt" that preserves England from utter dissolution is the public spirit shown in the willingness to undertake a number of unpaid duties and offices. Even after we have eliminated the large proportion of these that are sought after for the sake of the credit or the indirect gain attached to them, enough will be left to constitute an important moralising element. For it must be remembered, the moral discipline of a man's life consists solely of those actions that are performed *not for self*. Of course, Religion, if pure, is the mainspring of such actions, but it may be questioned whether the ordinary middle-class Englishman is not more moralised by his disinterested fulfilling of public obligation, than by religious observances for which he expects the reward of a sensational heaven. His "acceptable sacrifice" is his attendance on a Board meeting, his performance of dull administrative functions, rather than those acts which he associates especially with the saving of his soul. At all events—and this is the point—it is this devotion to public business, on the part of a parent, that preserves many a well-to-do family from becoming a school of selfishness. The father would like to stay at home in the winter evening, and play his game of chess or listen to

his daughter's music; but there is the School Committee, or the Temperance Club, and as he resolutely buttons up his coat and sallies forth into the rain and fog, he leaves in his children's mind a dawning conviction that for them too, life has something worthier, more imperative, than novel reading and lawn-tennis.

Another very obvious explanation may be given to the apparent connection between a mother's sacrifices for her children and their selfishness.

Perhaps the good mother was deficient in judgment or firmness, so that her love was perverted into a mischievous indulgence; if so, it would be unfair to attribute to her moral strength (*i.e.* her love) that which was due to her intellectual weakness; it is no derogation to one quality that it will not supply the lack of another. Weak indulgence is moreover so far from being a characteristic of self-sacrificing affection, that it may be most frequently traced to the alloy of selfishness that still clings to the love, and makes the fond parent shrink from the pain of exacting from the child the sacrifices necessary for its healthy moral development.

Mr. D. I have another grievance against Altruism. Does not this readiness to respond to "others' needs" fritter away a man's energies? Each has his own work to do, or should have, and cannot afford to let his activity be diverted into every channel created by the wants of those around him. Does not Altruism swamp Individuality, which is all-important to the welfare of the community, for the best work is that which proceeds from the compulsion of a man's own nature, and is not "done to order" at the behests of others. A free self-expression is surely the most valuable contribution a man can make to the society of which he is a member.

C. H. I am sure that Hinton would entirely agree

with you. No one could insist more emphatically than he did on liberty for individual impulse, and he certainly in his own person carried that liberty to the border of eccentricity—and beyond. Indeed it is as a preacher of the gospel of freedom that he is most frequently assailed. But do you not see how your objection answers itself? If "a free self-expression is the best contribution a man can make to society," then the law of Service must surely be for him to express himself.

The musician gives his music—the painter his picture—the poet his song—the inventor his machine. Those are *services,* although they have not been called out by any expressed "want" on the part of others. It is universally recognised that self-consciousness hinders all work, especially the artist's, which is the highest type of work. In all genuine hearty production the man forgets himself—the thought he expresses takes form and colour indeed from his individuality—but in so far as it is *true,* he feels that it is not his own, but nature's—God's. It is *there,* and if he dies some other mind will utter it. Does this hinder his activity, or does it not rather set it free by calming that restless fret and hurry that arise from chafing against the limits of the self—the "ache of littleness," as George Eliot expresses it?

Compare Gordon at Khartoum with the fussy self-important little man who imagines the world turns on the pivot of his particular function. The reason Hinton dwells so much on "others' needs" is, that they are the main agents by which a man is delivered from the tyranny of self, and it is this tyranny which really hampers the freedom of impulse by making it dangerous and immoral to do as he is inclined.

When the work of delivering from self, however, is effected, the thought of others need not be consciously

present; the conditions being fulfilled, action becomes instinctive, and the perfectness of instinctive work shows that this is the highest form.

The work of genius is in fact a part of Nature, and is linked by a larger wisdom than ours to universal ends. The instincts of men, like those of animals, often relate, not to the individual life, but to a greater whole of which that is but as a particular organ.

To recapitulate:—

1. To do his best work a man must have his impulse free.

2. But it is not safe for a man to follow impulses so long as he is intent on self-gratification.

3. Therefore he must be delivered from the rule of self.

4. The presence of others' needs upon his sympathies is the means of deliverance. It will thus be seen that every moral advance is also a step gained in the direction of free individual development.

AN ANALOGY OF THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF MAN.[1]

What history records is the becoming of man's life, intellectual and moral. The process of the making of his knowledge is precisely analogous to that of the creation or development of his moral life. As man's progress is from ignorance to knowledge, he must, of course, in all his investigations, start from a negative condition, and the ignorance which is at the basis, and affects the premiss from which he sets out, will influence every step of the process and express itself most forcibly in his conclusions. Starting thus, man proceeds to acquire knowledge by means of observation, the result of which he arranges on hypotheses, which are for the most part the guesses of ignorance. It is evident, therefore, that however logical the deductions he makes, and however correct his observations, he will inevitably be led further and further from the truth. This process continues until he has arrived at conclusions so repugnant to reason, that the common sense of humanity, expressed in the person of some man whom nature creates for this special function, rejects them, and in so doing overthrows the premiss which was linked to these conclusions, and rectifies the starting-point by filling up the negation contained in it.

[1] Reprinted from "The Art of Thinking."

This is the way in which all advance in knowledge is made, and it is perhaps best seen in the history of astronomy. Ignorance of the earth's motion (due to the sense-impression of stability) was here the negation in the premiss. With this false thought modifying all his reasonings, man proceeded to make his astronomy by careful and accurate observation of the heavens. The result was the hypothesis of the Ptolemaic system. The epicycles will for ever remain as a monument of the triumph of human skill; they were an excellent piece of intellectual work: none the less because they became at length so complicated and involved (as every fresh motion discovered had to be accounted for by a fresh epicycle) that at length man (in the person of Copernicus) threw off the yoke of the conclusion, and in so doing cast out the negation in the premiss—viz., ignorance of the earth's motion. Herein consisted the very excellence of the epicycle astronomy, that by its inexorable logic it so linked the false conclusion with the false premiss, that the rejection of the one involved the rejection of the other: it established, as it were, a dynamic connection between them; so that the force set free by the shaking off the thraldom of the epicycles was available to bring about a belief in the earth's motion. For observe what this force was which had been stored up under the pressure of the Ptolemaic system: it was the resistance of the intellect to the rule of sense. The epicycles were, in fact, an affirmation of the validity of the sense-impression. Reason was at work, indeed, in the making of that system, but she was at work in chains. All her activity was limited by the authority of the sense, which affirmed the stability of the earth. She might speculate, she might invent; but she must obey. In early days she had, indeed, with the hardihood of a child, set that

authority at defiance (Pythagoras is said to have affirmed the motion of the earth), but she was not yet fit for liberty. She had to enter the house of bondage, and gather through centuries of repression the force which was at length to issue in a glorious emancipation. For the triumph of Copernicus was not the mere discovery of the fact of the terrestrial motion, it was the announcement therein made that the tyranny of sense over reason was for ever at an end: he broke the yoke and bade the oppressed intellect go free. And let it be observed, that this deliverance was effected, not for the learned only, who had trodden the toilsome path of the old astronomy, but for the whole human intelligence. The toil had been vicarious, the results were freely communicated to all; only a small fraction of the human intellect was capable of threading the intricacies of the Ptolemaic system, but it was probably easy for the children of the next generation to learn that the earth moved—so easy that we might perhaps think no gain had been effected for them, but in reality the gain was incalculable. They had not to break the yoke, they had never come under it. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," boasts the emancipated philosopher of the Old World. "But I was born free," rejoins the child of the modern age.

But the paramount value of this chapter in the history of human thought lies in the key that it furnishes to the development of man's moral life. That, too, may be said to grow by a process analogous to that of the *reductio ad absurdum*. Man is made conscious of the ignorance, the "blindness," that is in him by the necessity he is under of working it out in the actions of his life; when the results of this working have become intolerable evils to him, he finds there is no way for him

to free himself from them but by rectifying the basis of his life and starting afresh.

To trace this process more definitely; as in the making of knowledge, so in the "becoming" of life man starts with a negation latent in his consciousness. Here, in the moral world, we have the "self" corresponding to the "sense" in the intellectual. It would be no more true to say that at any period man's life expressed nothing but the rule of self, than it would be to affirm that in the pre-scientific periods his intellect was completely subordinated to sense-impressions; and yet we have seen that the free play of reason was, in fact, prevented by the authority of the senses; and in the same way the "self" controlled truly human powers, and will continue to do so until it is dethroned as Copernicus dethroned the sense. Whether this is possible is *the* question which, above all others, it interests humanity to have answered. As we turn heart-sick from one failure to another of experiments, social, political, benevolent, religious, directed to getting crooked natures to live straight, and observe that all fail through *one* cause, however variously it may work, viz., the selfishness of man,[1] we ask, Is it possible to cast out this self, this unreasonable tormentor of humanity, that alone prevents us from living a truly human life—a life to which nature points as the only possible blessedness, in a world where everything is created for mutual service, and has its being

[1] It will be well to bear in mind that when the "self" is spoken of in Mr. Hinton's writings, a negation, not a positive existence, is meant. Self-regard is an absence of regard to some of the circumstances that have a claim upon our emotional consciousness. This will make the astronomical analogy the closer. For there it is an ignorance, an absence of knowledge, that is the cause of the false opinion, as here it is the defective emotional apprehension that is the cause of the wrong action. (See Essay on "The Bases of Morals" in "The Art of Thinking.")

only in giving—a world in which science in her latest revelation of the correlation of forces seem to echo in another tongue, the words of Him who said, "He that loseth his life shall save it unto life eternal?" How glad would be the discovery if we could find, not only that there was a hope of the "self" being cast out of man's life, but that all human history has existed for this very purpose, and that every event in that history has been a necessary part of the process! How joyful, too, if it should appear that this process were near its termination, that the Kingdom of Heaven was "at hand!"[1] The signs of the times can only be read in the light of a parallel experience in another department of man's life, and the more closely we follow up this parallel, the more does the certainty of the issue impress itself upon our convictions. It seems impossible that,

[1] It must not be supposed from this and similar passages that Mr. Hinton entertained extravagant hopes of a sudden change to be brought about in human life, still less of any violent external revolution. If the intensity of his convictions and the clearness of his spiritual vision made the distant view seem near to him, he did not ignore the intervening space of years that must elapse before his prophecy would be fulfilled. He expected that it would take about six generations or two hundred years for the thought of "right," as determined by "service," to leaven the world. For this he trusted simply to the ordinary agency by which every truth by degrees permeates society: a small but increasing number of men in each generation would adopt the idea, and cause their children to be guided into the new moral path, which, being easy to tread, though hard to find, would never again be abandoned for the old one. Mr. Hinton did not hope for anything more than that the altruistic idea of right would influence men's actions as widely as does the existing idea, but this, he said, would transform the world. He did not overlook the fact that men's actions are determined by other causes besides the prevalent theory of morals, but this last it was that he chiefly strove to correct, and hoped in so doing, if not to create a new motive power, at least to effect such a redistribution of it through new channels that the moral and social life of man should be to an incalculable extent raised and purified, set free from the artificial badness which now disfigures it.

after having exhibited the closest resemblance in every feature of their course, the intellectual and moral life of humanity should diverge at this crisis, that the intellect should cast off its shackles, but the heart remain in bondage.

But to our parallel. Man starts, then, on his course of "becoming" with a self-regard in the basis of his life; this is the negation, the ignorance which Nature is to drive him ultimately to cast out. This she does by a process analogous to that of the making of knowledge by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Man is made to work out the problem of trying to live on a self-basis to its bitter end, and having tried all conceivable ways of doing the impossible, he is to be brought to cast out this self, the negation in his premiss, and live, "Nature-wise," an altruistic life. His action will then be related to the being of Nature as Science is now related to its phenomenon. Let us trace his course towards this goal.

We may roughly divide men into two classes—those who seek goodness, and those who simply seek pleasure and live to gratify their inclinations. It will not be denied that there have been in all times men who cared for rightness, and that this passion, though never so widely spread as that for pleasure, has shown itself—witness the annals of asceticism—under all religions and amongst various races, capable of sustaining the most gigantic efforts, and of overmastering every other passion of human nature. These two classes of men have one thing in common—they start from a self-basis; they pursue a different course, the one tending to vicious excess, to lawless indulgence, the other to self-torturing asceticism, to a cruel enforcement of rigid laws; they seem wide as the poles apart, each denounces the other. What keeps them asunder? Their one point of agreement, self-regard. The

self-pleasing and the self-righteous man can never be reconciled but by casting out the self; then "out of twain is made one new man."

One cannot help being reminded here of the Pauline idea, destined to receive an ampler fulfilment than any as yet witnessed, of the union of Jew and Gentile in the new humanity revealed by Christ. The law-regarding Jew is to be *self*-righteous no longer, but is to find all law-keeping summed up in the one new command to "love one another;" the passion-led, pleasure-loving Gentile is to be brought under the law to Christ, but it is on his heart that the law is written; he indulges a "passion," though he is no longer "self" indulgent.

These two classes are paralleled in the intellectual sphere: the ignorant, who follow blindly the impressions of sense or the natural affirmations of reason, correspond to the "pleasure-led;" the makers of the epicyle astronomy, those who frame an "observation-true" science, are like the "self-virtuous." This latter intellectual class may be composed of men of the highest endowments and filled with a zeal for truth, but they are like the ignorant in one point, that (in the old instance) their non-perception of the earth's motion ruled their conclusion, forced their reason to make a sort of virtue of doing that which was repugnant to its instincts. The careful study of the appearance imposed on the man with the false thought in his premiss the necessity of believing a false theory—a wrong thing became his "duty." Just so with the "self-virtuous" man. Nature's only "right" is in the mutual service of all creatures, and the only fulfiller of this right is that "Love that makes Duty one with Delight." But he in whom this love is not, who strives to be good *for himself*, will be driven to find some other measure and standard of right than service: he will make it to con-

sist in the abnegation of pleasure.[1] This is asceticism, a goodness held to be antagonistic to the natural desires. The ascetic ages are marked by a tendency to multiply the number of duties and restraints upon natural passion far beyond the demands of utility and practical benevolence. The perfect rule of service renders a certain amount of pleasure-restraint necessary (but even here it is by a higher pleasure that the check is imposed), but where restraint is held to be a good thing in itself, a number of artificial duties will be enforced which are often directly opposed to service. The multiplication of burdensome duties answers in the intellectual parallel to the complicated system of epicycles, which it was impossible to a "good" intellect to reject, as long as the earth's motion was ignored. The self-right is to the moral what the "observation-true" is to the intellectual process. There is the same repression in both—of passion in one, of the free play of reason in the other. And just as in the "*reductio ad absurdum*" process, the force was being gathered and collected (under repression) by which the false conclusions, and through them the false premiss, were to be thrown off, and thus the tyranny of the senses broken; so in asceticism, which is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the self-life, the force was being stored up by which the casting out of self is to be effected. Asceticism had to be broken up that a true nature-goodness might take its place. Nature has linked together pleasure and service; the self dissociates them, and in trying to follow either alone, it ensures its own destruction in the end. "O Death, I will be thy destruction." No goodness

[1] For further explanation how a self-regard in the beginning imposes false duties upon the conscience, the reader is referred to the Essays on "The Bases of Morals" and on "Others' Needs," in "The Art of Thinking."

that is not happy[1] is good enough for God. Man offers Him his difficult virtues, his mortified body and stifled affections, as an acceptable sacrifice; but God answers, "Who hath required this at your hands?" But though this goodness is found wanting, and asceticism has to pass away, it has done its work of slaying the self.

The triumphs of self-restraint and abnegation have not been wasted any more than were the intellectual virtues of the Ptolemaic astronomers. Self did indeed vitiate the goodness of the ascetics, since it made them enforce mischievous laws, and cherish their own saintship to the neglect of social claims (just as the sense-rule perverted the results of the best observation and logic of the astronomers to a false conclusion), yet the power of living an altruistic life was asserted in their perverted goodness, and becomes to us a prophecy of possible achievement. If man could perform such prodigies when striving against Nature, what may he not accomplish when he is working with her? Even apart from this consideration, so attractive, in some of its aspects, is the ascetic life to us who groan under an imposed rule of self-regarding luxury, stifling our best emotions, that we wonder sometimes why it could not endure, and are disposed to think that the phase into which man's moral life has since passed is a retrogression rather than an advance. The prevalence of this feeling meets us in a variety of forms—in sentimental sighings after the martyr's crown or the virgin's wreath; in the exaltation of the Cross as the sole symbol of our aspirations (while it recedes further and further from the sphere of our practical life); in the revival, among the Ritualists and elsewhere, of mediæval ascetic practices. Christendom, or at least the most faithful and loving portion of it, is still exploring the empty tomb and reve-

[1] *i.e.*, Passion-led.

rentially handling the folded grave-clothes, while an angel unheeded proclaims to ears too sad to listen, "He is not here, but He is risen; why seek ye the Living among the dead? Christ could not be holden any longer by the bonds of death, because He was to open the gates of heaven to *all believers.*" And this is why the grave of asceticism could no longer hold the spirit which for love's sake had so willingly descended into it. His life, like His death, was for others. "To this end He both died and rose and revived—that He might be Lord of the dead and of the living." And the Church, His body, wore for a time the fetters of a dead restraining law, that she might throw open the gates of a freer, nobler life to the "Gentiles"—the passion-led pleasure-seekers (or pleasure slaves), who, though incapable of virtue as long as it meant legal restrictions and arbitrary denials of nature, might enter into a kingdom where love was at once the impelling and the restraining power. This brings us back to the parallel of the epicycles—[indeed, it requires a positive holding back of the pen to avoid speaking of one in the terms of the other. As I write, three things are before me at once—the life of Jesus as it was transacted on this earth eighteen centuries ago; the moral life of man or the Church (divesting that term of any associations which limit it to a particular set of persons arrogating to themselves an exclusive title to it); and the development of the human intellect by the creation of science; and these three are one]. For we saw just now that the laborious construction of the Ptolemaic astronomy, undertaken by a small fraction only of the race, issued in a discovery of truth which could be imparted to all, and, more than that, in an emancipation of the reason for all unborn generations. So it was also with the subjection of the moral nature to a false law

by asceticism: and the issue is the same; that deliverance is made possible for a much larger portion of mankind than could ever have been induced to go through the process. How plain this is in the New Testament, where the Gentiles are represented as pressing into the Kingdom of God, opened to them by the abolition of the Jewish law contained in ordinances, to which they could never have subjected themselves! And yet, be it remembered, here too "salvation is *of the Jews*." It was wrought out by one "born under the law;" it was "through death" that He "overcame the power of death." How ready we are to load the envious Jews of that time with opprobrious epithets, because they grudged the Gentiles so easy a way of salvation, could not bear to think their own painful law-keeping, their tithe-paying, and Sabbath observance secured them no immunity from the common necessity of owing all to grace, and gave them no position of pre-eminence in the new kingdom. How we sympathise with the generous indignation of Paul, who considers all his former gain as loss that he may preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and is well content to have trodden the difficult path himself that he may open the easy road to others. But it is not so easy to us to see that the same crisis repeats itself in our own day, that our "goodness" has to die to the law, and become passionate, enthusiastic, that it may be possible to the "Gentiles" of the present day, those who cannot wear the legal yoke, but who are as capable as we—nay, it may be more capable than we—of the sacrifice that a life of service requires. Men who cannot obey a law of "things" which rests on a mere conventional basis, and which (as is the case with much of our morality) even requires the crushing of some truly human emotion, may come under the sway of the "love that worketh no ill to his neighbour."

If this change took place (and it seems too good *not* to be true), we should perhaps see at once the explanation and the cure of a phenomenon which has puzzled and distressed all thoughtful Christian observers of the features of this age, namely, that Christianity, as embodied in the professing Church, does not attract to its side in large numbers its own natural allies, the ardent, the loving, the true, the unconventional, the heroic souls, who, if Christ Himself could speak, would surely hear His voice, for they are His "sheep." These, as a rule, are aliens to nominal Christianity, and the streams of heroic activity which in former times gained the triumphs of the Church go now, mainly, to swell some irregular destructive revolt against organised society. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that our churches are largely filled by men who, judged by their own professed theory, are chiefly bent on "making the best of both worlds," and who cannot in any sense be said to have adopted the Christian principle of self-sacrifice, any serious application of which to practical life they would stigmatise as Quixotic. How is it, we say, that the life and teaching of Jesus still being our professed model and guide, we seem to be fighting under a wrong banner, and our host is swelled by those against whose principles we would gladly wage war to the death, whilst in the hostile ranks are those to whom our hearts yearn as to long-lost brothers? Will not this change that we so long for, and to which all things point, bring about an altered state of things? Fight we must; we would not have it otherwise; but at least we shall have some of the healthy joy of combat when we know we are striking the old dragon, *Self*, whose death is the life of humanity, and not aiming cruel blows at those who themselves are at war with the same enemy. There is heroism enough in the world to bring about the social revolution for

which we groan, if it were only directed into the right channels.

But this is a digression. To return to our parallel. If asceticism corresponds in all its characteristics to the hypothetical stage which precedes the birth of a true Science, what shall we say of the present age? Asceticism is past; the true human life for which it was the preparation is not yet come. We seem to be in a muddle—hopeless muddle, I was going to say; but if it were, how should we know it for a muddle at all? Surely a muddle implies a struggle between the organising instinct and the chaos around it, and all our blindly furious tugging at the threads only makes the tangle harder to unravel. We feel somehow we do well to be angry, but against whom or what is not clear. Never surely was there a time when the theory and the practice of life diverged so widely; and, again, our theory is so inconsistent with itself. The whole aim of modern life seems to be to make existence as pleasant as possible, to remove everything that taxes endurance. Science is tasked to make the powers of Nature do all our hard work for us, and to bring to every avenue of sensation the ministers of delight. And yet there is a latent feeling, that betrays itself in a variety of ways, that goodness consists essentially in a restraint of pleasure. The result is, that we habitually lavish extravagant praise upon self-denial, whilst we relegate it to a safe distance from our Christian lives. And even in those cases where there is most of earnest activity for others, of self-sacrificing effort, these are not, with rare exceptions, the basis of the life, but are superadded on a foundation of acting for self, so that the life is a patchwork of incompatible materials. We put, meanwhile, an immense strain upon our emotions, tolerating evils that we feel ought to

be utterly intolerable, persuading ourselves that they are part of the necessary order (or disorder) of the universe, whereas they have been introduced by man's mistake, and only exist for the purpose of showing him his error and leading him to rectify it. It seems at first as if the parallel broke down here: if the work of asceticism is complete, and we have come to the end of the *reductio ad absurdum*, why is not the "self" turned out of our action? We seem, in fact, to have thrown off the conclusion without rectifying the error in our starting-point, and it looks as if the *logic* in the intellectual process which forbids this had not its analogue in the moral. But perhaps, if we look a little closer, we shall see that even our moral "muddle" has its parallel. Are we not like one who, having perceived the absurdity of the conclusion, should, before denying the premiss, go over the logical process, trying, if possible, to break the chain that links the two together, and make, in fact, a number of futile attempts to get rid of the conclusion without giving up the premiss? He has been, it may be, so enamoured of the intellectual work that he has been doing, that he is loth to give it all up and begin again; he does not see (and that is the vital point) that he has all the effect of that work in his new start, that he truly possesses the result of his labours *in letting go;* he wants to hold on, after nature and reason tell him to loosen his grasp, and what but a sad perplexity can ensue? But how should it be permanent? So we persist in holding on to certain ascetic duties which imply restraint from service and bring upon us countless miseries, whilst all the while we are dimly conscious that the force thus held in check is panting for another and a nobler employ. Our practical denial of asceticism implies that we have faced our false conclusion and refused it in our hearts, whilst the fact of

our goodness being in it makes us still cling to it with regret. It cannot, in fact, be expelled by a mere *negative* denial. Part of the world is trying to do this—that is the bad side of Protestantism, its easy virtue, its contempt for the foolish austerities of the monks, its contented enjoyment of the good things of this life while the world is perishing: all this looks and is a far more pitiful thing than asceticism, and cannot be more than a transient phase of human history. Not until the force that was in asceticism has passed into the new altruistic life, not until the restraint is in the heart instead of in the external law, can the power of asceticism to fascinate the imagination and command the obedience of men depart from it. So that here also the parallel holds good. Try as men may, they cannot get rid of the conclusion without denying the premiss. And this is how the very obstinacy of the evils under which we groan gives us a ground of infinite hope. If man could remedy his miseries by a mere readjustment of the social machine, as he is always trying to do, without bringing a new force to bear upon the action, his case would indeed be hopeless, there would be no moral regeneration possible for him. For verily if salvation had been attainable by Acts of Parliament, by Declaration of Rights of Man or Wrongs of Woman, by charitable enterprises, by schemes of Political Economy, by nicest balancings of mutual or opposing interests, by any of the Utopias that it has entered into the heart of man to conceive, he would not now be bound hand and foot waiting for deliverance. But if he is not to lose the pain, keeping the disease, it is because a cure is possible which will cleanse the fountains of his nature, and restore to their right channels the currents of his moral health.

Regarding the moral history of man as a process of

reductio ad absurdum for the purpose of the correction of the premiss, one sees how the paradox can be affirmed that, on the one hand, the world is perfectly good, so good that nothing could improve it, and that, on the other, it is so bad that nothing could by any possibility make it worse. These are the characters of a *reductio ad absurdum;* the errors into which it leads you cannot be too gross or revolting to reason, for it is their office to revolt reason. It would be no improvement to the process if these could be palliated; and at the same time the process as a whole is exquisitely beautiful to the intellect. Ignorance could not wish for knowledge to come in any other way.

WHAT WE CAN KNOW.[1]

It is a common fact of experience that our senses give us only appearances of things, which appearances differ from the things themselves in many important points. Our impressions are determined or modified by subjective elements which may be either positive or negative. For instance, we see light and colour which have no existence apart from the eye that sees, because it is the nature of our vision to be thus affected by certain vibrations of an ethereal fluid; here our impressions are *positively* modified.

Again, we see objects smaller as they recede into the distance; here our perceptions undergo a negative modification. Or again, a morbid condition of the subject may introduce a further subjective element into his consciousness, and cause the world to appear other than it is. Thus to the blind man the world is dark. If all men were blind they would probably never discover that there was anything amiss in their condition.

It is necessary for those so affected that their condition and the truth of things which it conceals from them should be "revealed" by some being not suffering from the same defect.

The word "appearance" is not to be limited to the impressions made upon sight. All our senses present

[1] Reprinted from "The Art of Thinking."

objects to us under similar subjective modifications. We are naturally inclined to conceive of the sense of touch as presenting to us a truer idea of Nature than the others, but the fact is that in none of the senses is there a larger admixture of subjective elements, for in touch we are conscious of putting forth activity, and it is the resistance to this pushing and pulling of ours which gives us the notion of solidity. It is easy to see that touch, no more than sight, gives us the true nature of objects. Water, for instance, is constantly evaporating into air, and thus becoming impalpable to touch. Touch would thus tell us that water had ceased to exist when it was really there under a changed form. If man had no faculties but the senses, these "appearances" of the physical world would be to him the sole realities, and he would probably be haunted by no misgivings respecting their actual existence. But he has another power—intellect—by means of which he can derive accurate knowledge from the inaccurate testimony of the senses. It is the function of the intellect to interpret the appearance of things, though it is true that man did not at first put his intellect to this use.

The Greek philosophers, who of all men might be supposed most capable of discovering the province of the intellect (if the world had been ripe for the discovery), distinctly taught that the physical world was not according to reason; it was, in fact, an absurd world; and Socrates dissuaded his disciples from the study of material phenomena on this ground, bidding them turn their attention rather to Ethics and the improvement of social life. The beginning and ending of things was the great puzzle to them. Reason refused to justify such an existence: it demanded the *αἰώνιος*, the Eternal. Plato and others therefore imagined their "intelligible world" to satisfy

the demands of the reason, using their intellect to speculate instead of to judge. The application of intellect to its true function of interpreting appearances has been the work of Science. When once it became accepted as a truth that the *fact* of Nature was according to reason, the dicta of Reason came to have an objective validity, and if any phenomenon seemed to contradict them, it was set down *therefore* as an appearance merely. The appearance *might* be unreasonable, the *fact* could not be. But observe, the intellect did not go forth ready-made to its work—it was, as it were, created in doing this very work. (This has its parallel in the animal structure, the organs do not precede the functions, but are made, so to speak, in the discharge of those functions.) The work of Science has in our day obtained a completeness which is attested by the convergence of its various branches of investigation in the doctrine of the "Correlation of the forces." And now, in its maturity, Science repeats on a higher octave of experience the truth with which it set out, "We do not yet know the true existence." To the last residuum of scientific analysis, there still remain subjective elements which have reduced the whole physical world—the cause of such manifold sensations—to mere matter and motion. But in these there are the subjective constituents of space and time, which have been proved to have no objective existence.

Again, force is a conception altogether based upon our sensation of exertion, and can no more be proved to exist in Nature apart from ourselves than luminousness could. The conception of Nature as matter and force is in fact but an indorsement by the intellect of the sensuous impressions of touch which (*ut supra*) of all the senses introduces most of the subjective elements. We

are thus brought to the conclusion that this world of "phenomena" is no more the actual existence than was that other world of "appearances."

At this point the question meets us, Can we know the true existence, or are we shut up to the study of these phenomena? A large school of thinkers (of which Comte is the representative in France and Lewes in England) assure us that that is the limit of our attainable knowledge, assigning as a reason for their answer that there are subjective elements in these phenomena; that we cannot transcend our own consciousness.

Now I affirm that we can transcend this phenomenal knowledge; that we can eliminate its subjective elements; and that so far from this process being strange in our experience, it is the very means by which all intellectual progress has been made. We are, in fact, only required to repeat with regard to the intellect that which has been accomplished with the senses. Observe that our power to transcend any impression depends upon our possession of some other faculty by which that impression is interpreted. Had we been destitute of intellect, we should have been shut up to the impressions of sense, but then, probably, we should never have felt the need of getting beyond them. They were felt to be unsatisfactory and imperfect only because man had within him the latent power of transcending them.

This parallel suggests the *à priori* probability that we possess some faculty that stands to the intellect in the same relation that the intellect does to the senses, since the need has been felt of "transcending" the knowledge gained by the intellect. This discovery that the world which science reveals is but phenomenal would probably never have been made if we had not some powers which

relate us to the true being of Nature. These powers are the moral faculties. We have used the intellect and the moral faculties apart from each other, as the Greeks used the intellect and the senses, transferring the *rightness* which we fail to find in this world to a "heaven" which corresponds to the "intelligible" world of the ancient philosophers.

Let us consider what is implied in the doctrine that our intellect presents to us only phenomena. If that which we think of when we think, in the best way we can, of the things around us, does not correspond with that which truly exists, then there is *not* this book which I hold, this floor on which I stand—but some other existence *is*, differing from them as the appearance of a book to the eye differs from the book itself. This difference is due to certain elements which our own consciousness introduces into the phenomena. The intellect presents the world to us as inert, dead matter; but that which acts upon us and is the cause of our experience cannot be inert. Inertness is the characteristic of the phenomenon; the true existence, which is spiritual, must *act*. The reason why that which is active appears to us under the form of a passive necessity is a morbid condition of man whereby negative elements are introduced into his consciousness. It is from his own defect of life that the living world becomes to him dead matter. This condition, affecting as it does the whole of humanity, could not have been detected had it not been revealed to man. Recognising the true existence, then, as spiritual, we see that it must and can only be apprehended by the moral faculties.

But those moral faculties have themselves to be trained and developed, as in the parallel case of the intellect;

they do not come ready-made for the work, but are perfected by that very work. Thus trained, it will be found that their judgments have an objective validity like those of the intellect, but of higher worth. But although they have to be trained, they will not be transformed; and as the ancient geometry was found to be the key to the processes of Nature, although it was founded on supra-sensuous conceptions—for the line, point, and plane are inapprehensible to the sense but easily conceived by the intellect—so it will be in conceptions paradoxical to the intellect but clear to the moral sense that the key to the world of thought will be found. Right is, in fact, the true test of existence. If a thing *is*, it is right; if it is wrong, it may on that very account be proved not to *be*, but only to appear.

I affirm that *this* is the world on which the moral sense is to exercise its functions: here or nowhere shall we find rightness. If we shut our eyes on that which *is*, and construct for ourselves some ideal heaven to satisfy the craving of our moral nature, we are making impossible to ourselves all true interpretations of the facts of human life; just as the belief in the "intelligible world," as long as it lasted, made it impossible to find Nature intelligible. We have to "submit ourselves to the righteousness of God" in this sense, not to go about and invent a righteousness for ourselves.

One thing appears to be done in human experience; something quite different is being truly effected. We do wrong; yes, but wrong is not done. The wrong goes as deep as our own consciousness, deep enough for responsibility, repentance, punishment, forgiveness, and all the experiences that come out of sin, but not deep enough to stain indelibly the fair work of God. Does

not the inmost heart demand this satisfaction, "Yea, let God be true and every man a liar"?

Is not this the true work and privilege of faith, to lay hold on that *within* the veil, to be emancipated from the thraldom of the appearance through the revelation of the eternal fact?

THE LAWBREAKER.

THERE are periods in the world's history, for the most part in the earlier stages of civilisation, when the Lawgiver is the great want of the age. The social tie is as yet weak, the half-developed instinct of justice in each individual is too feeble to control the anarchic passions. What is then needed is a man of superior insight and force of character, who will serve as a rallying-point for the better spirits of the nation and be a sort of embodied conscience; uttering what all dimly feel to be right, and giving it the sanction of authority; compelling the baser element to submit to the nobler, and thus evolving a sort of moral order out of the chaos of conflicting wills. The instinct of mankind has ever recognised such men as its greatest deliverers; they are the founders of States, the creators of social institutions, the restorers of paths to dwell in, and the epochs of their activity are counted the most noteworthy in a nation's existence.

But there are other periods, and our own age is one of them, which labour under another class of evils, and demand a different remedy—periods when right and wrong appear in less clearly-defined antagonism to each other, and the best energies of men are paralysed for want of direction, the moral sense being entangled in a maze of insoluble problems. At such times no clarion-call goes forth to summon the hosts of the faithful to battle with the enemy. There are indeed opposing armies, and bitter

is the strife. The banners of Order and of Rebellion are displayed; but who are the combatants ranged under them? On the side of Order we have, it is true, the just, the temperate, the law-abiding, the conscientious; but also the timid, the conventional, the self-interested, the pharisaical, the unmerciful. On the side of Rebellion there are the licentious, the unscrupulous, the violent, the self-indulgent, but also the generous, the enthusiastic, the self-sacrificing. In every fierce outbreak against the established order of things we are forced, however unwillingly, to acknowledge that the "heroes" are to be found on the side of revolt—amongst Nihilists, Communists, Carbonari; not amongst the aristocrats, and bourgeoisie, and the partisans of authority, in Church and State. Apart from those exceptional circumstances which develop heroism, it is far from being the case that the "virtuous" have a monopoly of the amiable and estimable qualities; in fact, it is a common observation that the finest natures are most apt to "go wrong."

Another perplexing feature of the age is that the efforts of the best and even the most enlightened of the community are frequently rendered void or worse by some inexplicable force that, as it were, deflects them from their aim. The mischiefs which afflict our society seem to proceed from the virtuous equally with the vicious. The hand indeed that comes into actual contact with the crime is that of vice, but we have not to look far to see behind it some pitiless virtue urging it on, like an inexorable fate. In whichever direction we look we find a waste of moral force. This is pre-eminently an age of high culture for the moral emotions. Never were the ideals of conduct so lofty and pure as at present. The very word "solidarity" forcing its way into our language testifies to a larger conception of humanity gaining ground among us, and the

natural sympathies flow freely into the channels thus widened out for them. And yet we need but lift the thin veil of respectability that shrouds our homes, to see everywhere around us a seething mass of corruption and misery that sickens and appals us.

Whose fault is it? Is it possible, we ask, that it is the good, pleasant people we know that are responsible for these things? Is it they that own the unwholesome workshops, grow rich on the labour of underpaid women and girls, hold the licences of haunts of vice, and pocket the rents of noisome dens in which honest toil snatches its brief repose? It must be the people of character and reputation who uphold these evils, for the others would not have power to do so in the face of any strongly-expressed public opinion. Only law can shelter the worst of crimes. What then has become of those moral and religious principles which, judging from our literature, our pulpits, nay even our ordinary conversation, might be supposed to be built into the basis of our life?

It would be unfair to charge this age with any exceptional amount of hypocrisy; it is rather that the moral forces ranged on the side of order can find no vent, no adequate sphere of operation. They are checked, hemmed in on every side; duty is arrayed against duty, law against love. And then on the other side of these boundaries of law, the waste is still more appalling. What a torrent of passion sweeping along in its unchecked course, carrying everywhere destruction! Are not these the waters for which we are athirst—the "life of which our nerves are scant," and can we have them but to blast, not to bless? For it is impossible not to recognise in the very excesses of the vicious, powers and activities essential to human nature, which only take those channels because all others are blocked up from them by the operation of a false law.

Here we come to the root of the mischief. The thought of right, which is enshrined in the laws and embodied in the conventional rules of conduct, has been outgrown by the developing moral life, no less than by the growing needs of our complex social state, and has thus become untrue to facts—in other words, to Nature. The emotions cease to respond to it; a "right" that means disservice to man cannot awaken enthusiasm. It is evident that in such a state of things the rigid enforcement of the false law will work unspeakable mischief, whilst the anarchic passions, swelled by the streams of thwarted natural activity, will gather a frightful strength, and the excesses which they commit will cause such horror as to widen the breach between the law-abiding and the law-refusing classes. They will hate each other with the more intensity (as is ever the case) because each has got hold of half the truth, which is mischievous until supplemented by its other half.

The most discouraging feature of the case is that it seems of no use to aim at strengthening the sense of duty, reinforcing the will with motives to just, benevolent deeds, since some fatal spell has fallen upon the whole range of human actions, turning their good into ill, and baffling the best efforts of the most conscientious men. What we are suffering from is not lack of force, but wasted force; it is therefore not to increase the amount that is wanted, but to give it direction.

It is at such a crisis of human affairs that the Lawbreaker is called for—one guided by the unerring instinct of genius to choose the forbidden things, and refuse the permitted. Not *any* lawbreaker—for the law has been wrongly broken time out of mind, and no deliverance has come of it—but one in whom are fulfilled the conditions for doing it rightly, that is, who can break it *not for self*. In so doing he is at once a breaker and a fulfiller of the

law, for in his breach of the letter he reveals the higher law of the spirit. By this action of his the conscience is emancipated, force locked up in useless restraint is set free, and becomes available for new tasks. There is a dynamic of the moral as of the physical world. Whilst the sense of duty is yoked to some useless and mischievous superstition, there is a waste of the force that is wanted for the reform of practical life. It is evident that when any difficult task has to be accomplished, any great resistance to be overcome, any exhausting sacrifices to be made, the first step towards the attainment of the object will be to find some needless restraint which can be shaken off, some false law which may be refused, some superstition to be laid aside under which the conscience has been kept in bondage. This being done, the force thus set free can be turned to the new task. It seems a simple case: here is something for man to do: very well; fulfil the condition, find something that he may leave off doing, and the power is there, ready for use.

Now if we apply this principle to what has actually taken place in history, we shall find it amply verified. This explains why the great moral reformers have ever been the breakers of false yokes, the destroyers of superstitions, and why, too, the deadly strife which they have waged against superstition has always been put *first;* not the preaching of a positive morality, which (from the individual purity of the men) we might have expected to be the thing uppermost in their minds.

Take, for instance, the greatest moral revolution ever wrought—that effected by the teaching of Jesus Christ. The world was full of the foulest iniquity—in every part there was oppression, cruelty, falsehood, and vices for which modern refinement has no name. In the enslaved and decaying society of Palestine, Jesus witnessed, doubt-

less, every variety of the vices of tyrant and victim. And He held up to man an ideal of moral purity, before which the highest ethics of heathen moralist and sage look dim and tainted. But if we examine those records of His teaching which have been preserved, and which represent at least the impression produced by Him on His contemporaries, we find that His most burning zeal and indignation was turned, not against the vices, but against the superstitions of the day. We utterly mistake the meaning of His words, if we dismiss the subject with the usual commonplaces about the hatefulness of hypocrisy, and conclude that because Jesus denounced the Pharisees and their devotion to ritual, this devotion must have been a pretence. He would never have been so indignant with a mere sham. He did not want a Carlyle to tell him that shams die of themselves. They have no vitality; a laugh will do for them,—no need of tears and blood. His holy anger, His indignant, consuming wrath, had harder work and a nobler object. It was the heavy yoke, grievous to be borne, which He was wrestling to lift off men's shoulders; and that yoke was a false notion of duty *believed in*,—not merely professed, or it would not have been a yoke at all.

It has struck us with wonder sometimes that, when there were such glaring and hideous evils to be attacked, He should have come down with a weight of indignation on the good people who laid an over-stress upon Sabbath-keeping—a harmless fault, we might have supposed, if a fault at all. Now we see why He did it: He had work for man to do; He could not afford to let moral force be locked up in a useless and even cruel Sabbath-keeping and tithe-paying. Cruel—for whatever is not useful is cruel, or tends to become so. There was a superstition that the duty to God might involve doing what was

harmful to one's neighbour, and that the very painfulness of this constituted the chief part of its virtue. Meanwhile, there were numberless social duties lying unfulfilled, services unperformed, because the sympathy and kindliness had been checked which would have prompted them. Here, then, was a double waste; here were two moral forces (forms, of course, of the one force) engaged in neutralising each other—duty enlisted against love by a hateful superstition. No wonder that He who loved man was indignant at this waste, and set about destroying the superstition under which man lay crushed. And so strong was it that His victory cost Him His life. He slew the false law, but only by nailing it to His own cross. Let His accusation be written up high, that all the world may know for what He died, and for what it owes Him its chief thanks. "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die." Yes, it was true. By *that* law He ought die. The Lawbreaker—that was His highest glory.

The same dynamic order is still more evident in St. Paul, who carried out in a wider sphere the spirit of his Master's teaching. Placed as he was face to face with the most degrading forms of vice in Corinth, Ephesus, and Rome, a man of austere and even ascetic virtue amidst a society of shameless libertinism, should we not naturally expect his most intense antagonism, his most indignant denunciation, to have been directed against Gentile profligacy? But no: when laying down the rules of Christian conduct, he simply, calmly points out the way in which men should go: "Speak the truth one to another"—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ"—"Pray without ceasing"—"Be diligent in business," &c. There is no hortatory rhetoric, no heat, no violence, as if he were trying to create an impulse. He seems to take it for granted that the way being indicated,

love, or *life* as he calls it, will take that direction. He has nothing to say to those who suggested living in sin "that grace may abound," but the simple statement of the dynamics of the case: "How *can* we?" But observe the change when he contends with the Judaisers about circumcision; here he wrestles, he agonises; here is the very heart of the combat; to fail here is to fail utterly. Here in the despised Jerusalem, not in Athens or in Rome, is to be decided the fate of the world, because here is the stronghold of that sense of duty behind which the "self" stood entrenched to fight its last battle. To this far-seeing eye the law, and not Cæsar, ruled the world. And how true was the insight—how justified by the result. He triumphed; the gospel of freedom was sent forth to the Gentile world unmutilated by Jewish restrictions. The conscience, emancipated by love, was trusted to write out its own commandments, and a morality arose in the centre of the most corrupt society the world has ever seen, as far surpassing the Jewish as life will ever surpass its counterfeit. Side by side with all the laws about property ever invented by the keenest-eyed justice (perhaps the Mosaic will bear comparison with any), set that one naïve description of the lawless community: "And they that believed had all things in common, neither said any man that aught that he possessed was his own."

The same process was repeated at the Reformation under Luther. He attacked licence—not directly, but by giving freedom. Destruction preceded Reformation. The false law of asceticism had to be broken before the new morality could be evolved. Perhaps of all the services which Luther rendered to mankind, none more deserves its gratitude than his marriage with Catherine von Bora, in which both parties broke their monastic vows. The law which had governed him had compelled him to turn aside from

the serviceable thing, if it so happened that it was also a pleasant thing. But he who is inspired by an unselfish passion that makes even pain welcome or indifferent, has no need to turn away from pleasure. He has learnt the supreme art, to take pleasure rightly. The value of Luther's act lay in its being an open defiance of the law. Monastic vows of celibacy had been broken thousands of times in secret and selfishly with no result but evil. Luther did rightly what had often been done wrongly, and the effect was to roll an enormous weight off the conscience of mankind, and set free the paralysed and imprisoned forces to work out the moral regeneration of society. He broke the idol and emancipated the worshippers.

Turning from the history of the past to the features of the present age, the question meets us: Is there any such idol now which the reformer will have to break, any superstition which holds back man's hand from the service of his fellow, any law which is kept to the injury of others for the sake of a man's own goodness? For if not there is no hope. And surely never was there a time when the force was more needed than now to repair the moral waste. Wherever we turn our eyes—to the State, to the City, to Society, to the Church, to the Family,—it seems that the old safeguards and bulwarks are crumbling down, and a gigantic selfism is everywhere rampant. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." Those who have tried with most patient skill to apply a remedy to any one of the symptoms of our diseased social body, have all come to the same conclusion. It is of no use dealing with isolated symptoms; driven from one part, the malady reappears in another; unless new life can be poured into the system, and a complete regeneration effected, decay must go on with an ever-accelerated speed. If we seek

some test that shall register the low-water mark, as it were, of our moral life, let us look, not at the sensational pages of some low-class novel, replete with crime and horror, but at the science which is the outcome of the wisdom and benevolence of some of our wisest and most benevolent men—our Political Economy. Here we shall see, formulated as it never was before, that man must live for self; this is the first axiom of the science, the keystone of the edifice. What follows is a series of schemes, more or less cunningly contrived, for making a million or so of separate selves, with their conflicting interests and passions, work harmoniously together; these schemes based, moreover, on a notion of justice, which means giving to each individual self its rights. A hopeless problem—thank God! It might be stated thus: Given, a being whom God has not made possible, to find his place in this world of God's making, to ascertain his duties and his rights; or, Given, two straight lines enclosing a space, to find their direction and the space they enclose. Take a book like J. S. Mill's "Political Economy," for instance, particularly the chapters on "Popular Remedies for Low Wages." Who does not lay it down with the feeling—well, if this be a true statement of the case, it is hopeless to attempt any amelioration of the condition of the masses of our fellow-men? We shall go on, the upper classes growing richer, more splendid, more luxurious, more refined, more inhuman; the lower more wretched, more degraded, more brutal, until both are overwhelmed in some chaotic revolution.

But is it so hopeless? Is not the force we want really there, locked up in the maintenance of some false right, some superstition, the casting away of which will be life from the dead?

To answer this question we must first ask: How may

we know the false right from the true—what are the characters of a superstition? Are we not in danger of shaking off a right restraint for a wrong one? How may we know that the law we break is not of eternal validity? We might answer this question from History by inquiring what have been the false duties which men have thrown off (human sacrifices, celibacy, &c.). Or, again, we may have light cast upon it by analogy if we observe of what sort is the "law" which the painter violates, what is the accuracy which he may, and must, sacrifice to obtain truth in his picture. From both these sources we shall obtain the same characteristic marks by which we may know the false law.

First, then, we shall find that the law we must break will be one enforcing or prohibiting certain rigid *things*. The reason of this is evident. Nature ignores things. She knows only of processes. A law of things, of "commandments contained in ordinances," as the Pauline expression is, must become false in course of time, for that in which the life of man was once expressed is true to this no longer, and is a mere dead encumbrance. James Martineau well says, "There is no system of duties which will stand as a permanent diagram of right." The right will be a thing growing, expanding in its demands to meet fresh needs as they arise, and will ever be in advance of our practice, and lead us on to new attainment. But not only will these fresh needs prescribe for us new duties; they will perpetually be superseding and rendering positively mischievous those actions which were once useful and even necessary. Thus a law that insists upon the performance of certain outward acts must inevitably come into conflict with the expanding life of man, and the breaking of that law will mark a necessary stage in his development.

Again, a false law may be known by its tendency to insist upon abstinence from pleasure or restraint of passion as a good in itself, thus marking the extreme point of departure from the order of Nature, which exhibits the perfect union of law and liberty.

The false law, indeed, is one which Nature refuses to let man obey, and this is its invariable mark. Its presence may be known by an unbridled licence on the one hand, and by a miserable and stunted life within the forms of law on the other. Nature lays one command upon all things, to *live;* and when men make laws for themselves that forbid or hinder life, she grandly ignores them, pouring a tide of passion into human hearts which must carry destruction and ruin around, if the channels of useful activity into which it should flow be choked up with artificial prohibition. Sooner or later these barriers must be swept away. With what cobwebs does man strive to bind the giant forces that sway his life! So one exclaims when they have been snapt and rent: but until that deliverance comes, their strength is of cast iron. What can relax the grasp of Duty on man's soul? What pangs can wrench from him his virtue? Let the history of asceticism answer! For, let it be observed, it is not mere lawlessness that can break the force of law to bind the conscience; that wild licence is weakness, not strength; only that which has borne the yoke is mighty enough to break it. For the law is not arbitrary enactment, that it can be set aside at will. It is the embodiment of the moral life of man in the past; in it are stored up his acquired and inherited gains. Though life has departed from it, it is still the symbol of that which is dearer than all pleasure, holier than all use. This law can never relax its hold on the conscience until it be fulfilled; that is, broken not for self, and all the good that was in it

taken up into the higher law, which stands revealed in the passing away of that which obscured it.

A false law in morals may be paralleled with an imperfect generalisation in Science. It makes outcasts, anomalies. Until some generalisation is made all facts are alike unclassified; they remain isolated, and apparently arbitrary. With the law comes a distinction. Some facts are taken in and accounted for; in them an order, a necessity, is discerned: others remain unexplained; they are anomalies, apparent exceptions. The next advance is made by a man who, with the instinct of genius, discovers in these anomalies the key to a larger generalisation in which they shall be included. In like manner every great moral reformer turns first to the "outcasts." He leaves the ninety and nine and goes after the one that was lost, and when he has found it carries it in his bosom, nearer to his heart than any of the others. For is not that wanderer the dearest? He, too, is a lawbreaker; in him there is that element of rightness, the following of passion. It was indeed a self-passion, and therefore led him astray; but when the true passion has been breathed into him he will be capable of a higher goodness than that of mere abstaining and forbidding. "I have seen," writes James Hinton, "Righteousness taking Pity to her bosom and going forth, repentant that she has been cruel, to meet those who cannot restrain their passions, and saying to them: 'You also are my children.' I have seen those whom Goodness had disowned called her children by Goodness becoming better, not by any change first in them." It is the necessity of embracing these passion-driven natures that makes new demands upon virtue, and raises it to a higher level. The "baptism with the Holy Ghost" succeeds to the baptism with water; the kindling

breath of enthusiasm to the mere purification of the outward acts.

Parallels to this process of embracing the outcasts by means of a higher law are to be found in other departments of life. It might be noted, for instance, that the broadening of our Constitution has been, from age to age, due in part to the pressure from without of those classes whose disregarded claims have produced miseries and crimes that could no longer be tolerated. As our laws have been reformed and our liberties extended, every step in this progress has been marked by the admission of a hitherto unrecognised and neglected class. Who are now the outcasts of society—who are those that, by their exclusion from the common charities of life and the wholesome air of public opinion, have become a festering mass of corruption and a source of danger to the whole community? The answer to this question will perhaps indicate in what direction we are to look for that false law, the breaking of which will inaugurate the next great moral revolution.

A LAW OF DEVELOPMENT.

In tracing the development of life, whether physical, intellectual, or moral, Hinton was accustomed to point out three stages of progress, which, as applied to thought, may be termed respectively: Anticipation, Suppression, Interpretation. In the first, a truth is guessed, as it were; the right affirmation is made, but in an imperfect form; then other elements come in, apparently incompatible with it, which lead to its being for a time suppressed. In the third stage, the first anticipation is restored, perfected by the addition of the complementary details which become implicit in the ultimate result. It is to this third stage that the term "Positive Denial," or "Being in Effect," is applied. This term requires a little explanation, for it suggests at first to our minds the idea of an absolute letting go of something; whereas this would be contrasted with it by James Hinton as *negative* denial. It may be said that "positive denial" is "letting go" and "holding on" both together: these are the two halves of it, and the omission of either element would be equally fatal. A few illustrations will make this clearer. Turn where we will —to art, science, theology, practical life—we meet with the process which is summed up in this expression.

Take for instance the incorrect drawing of a beginner in Art: we will suppose him gifted with the artistic faculty; he makes a clever sketch, seizes the general features of the landscape, makes it a unity, achieves as it

were an easy success; but he is not true to the details: he has not the power to be so: he has not seen them. If he be a true artist he will become dissatisfied; he will give up his easy effects and set himself humbly to copy the leaf, the flower, the stone, the boat, just as he sees it. His "pretty picture" is gone indeed, but he does not complain; devotion to truth has taken possession of him, and it may be that the very sacrifice he makes for its sake comes by degrees to have a value in his eyes apart from it. For a time he is content to go on making more and more accurate his delineation of each object, and forgets even to sigh for that *whole* of which it forms a part. His virtue has become dear to him. Like some theologians, he begins to talk of *the* truth, meaning the little part that he sees, and dreaming of finality when there is no end. But Nature will not leave him there. There comes a time when she wrenches his hard-won virtue of accuracy from him, and says: "Choose between me and those *things* about which you have taken such pains." Then a great passion sweeps through his soul, he lets go of everything, he yields to the guidance of Nature, and she reveals herself upon his canvas (you may see this crisis in Turner—comparing his earlier with his later work). But when this is done, the accuracy of detail absolutely sacrificed, so that no faintest resemblance can be traced between the "thing" and the few strokes that stand for it in the picture, what miracle is this that has been wrought? There they are again, living as they never lived before: the very things that he has given up! In that magic line of the true artist what details are not summed up, given *in their effect*, as it were? Then the painter knows that "truth to nature" is a much larger thing than he had supposed; it does not mean drawing every vein of the leaf, every hair of the fur, but revealing that hidden relation of the part

to the whole which it might have been supposed beyond the province of Art to disclose.

Such a picture impresses us at once as being true to Nature, and the reason is that Nature is not *things* but *processes*, and as such the painter reveals her. The deep instinct of the heart recognises this inner truth, though it may not be explained to the intellect.

Now the inaccuracy of the true painter is equally removed from the inaccuracy of the anticipation picture and the careful drawing of the intermediate stage. In the beginner, the details were *negatively* denied: they had not yet been seen and studied. In the perfect work the details were present in their effect, that is, they were *positively* denied. Again, in the intermediate stage, the unity of the picture is suppressed; in the perfect work this is re-affirmed, and completed by that justice to the individual thing which has meanwhile been acquired. It will be seen from this that each positive comes first coupled with a negative (or as Hinton would say: in its "self" form); then the negation of each is successively cast out and the two positives united. Thus we have, first unity (positive), but disregard of detail (negative); then we have accurate drawing (positive), but no unity (negative). Putting these together we have the free artistic touch that attains in giving up: we have life in sacrifice.

It must not be supposed that these three stages are to be traced in every painter. Doubtless there are hundreds whose work belongs entirely to one or other of the periods. Hinton used to talk in his queer short-hand nomenclature of "Anticipation painters," "Self-right, or observation painters," and "Interpretative, or genius painters;" for genius was, he held, emphatically the power of giving up, or rather the "weakness" which can hold nothing against

Nature, but lets her come in and rule absolutely. In some artists, however, the transition is made from the second to the third stage, and it is then by a comparison of their works that it is most clearly to be discerned. It was this that gave Turner's pictures an intense fascination for Hinton; of paintings as merely objects of beauty he was not sensitively appreciative, but he took unbounded delight in recognising in the artist's touch the same process of unification of opposites—of transforming dead objects into living effects—that characterised his own thinking and was identical with the making of science.

In this perfected stage there is, of course, no finality; although the consummation of two preparatory processes, it is itself unipolar as regards the next advance to be made, and thus becomes the starting-point of a new stage. Perpetual giving up is the life of Nature and the blessedness of every being which has bowed to the law of its own existence.

In speaking merely of Art, it is almost impossible to avoid using words that belong to other departments of life, so closely do the parallels run. Take *e.g.* the Pauline doctrine of Christian liberty. Here we have liberty and law as the antitheses. Liberty in its self-form is license, unrestrained gratification of impulse; beautiful indeed as anticipating the form of the perfect life, but impossible to retain, the condition for it not having been fulfilled. This is the type of the Gentile world. Then we have the Jewish Law, coming in its self-form as the restraint of impulse—the negative denial of freedom. Through Christ —at once the Law-breaker and the Law-fulfiller—we have the union of these two positives, as a new morality, inspired by a passionate enthusiasm of Humanity. "Love is the fulfilling of the law:" "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "The love of

Christ constraineth us," &c. The law becomes *implicit* in the inspired morality as the "accuracy" in the Turner painting.

"Thus we see how 'virtue' is most truly possessed in its effect. The very idea of virtue involves a trying to do good when there is at the basis a tendency to do evil. It is strenuous, effortful. The very term 'easy virtue' is uttered with a shade of contempt as if it were necessarily a sort of sham. But side by side with this feeling is there not in us the conviction—however dimly realised—that it would be better not to have this tendency to evil? that even the loss of virtue would be a light price to pay for getting rid of it? What if the tension has existed for this very end, to overthrow, in its ceasing, the self-basis of our life? No genuine man can take credit to himself for actions done under the inspiration of love, and yet who does not feel there is an altogether higher kind of goodness in these actions for which we can deserve no praise? But though the 'virtue' ceases as virtue, the effect of it remains, for it is only by that long and painful discipline that the self could have been cast out; the effect of its ceasing is the reason for its being, for nothing can cease (that is in this way) and things be as before it was; it cannot cease and not be in its effect."[1]

A similar process may be traced in social evolution. Savage life begins with wild liberty; with the development of the tribal existence come necessary restraints, becoming more and more stringent with the increasing complication of the social life. The progress of a true civilisation is marked by these restraints becoming implicit, that is, taken off the hands and put into the heart. They are "in their effect." Judged by this standard there is, it must be owned, a vast unreclaimed desert of barbarism

[1] Hinton's MSS. Sociology.

in the midst of the great centres of our vaunted civilisation; but still we may recognise with thankfulness such exhibitions of "the gentle life," as the politeness of well-bred people at meal times and the courtesy to women, as the instalments of a coming age, when many, if not all, the enactments and restraints of positive law will have become latent in the instincts of a truly civilised community. If this consummation is still in the dim distance it must come at last. For all human experience points to the truth of these two principles: 1st, Whatever has been affirmed by the human heart and given up because it could not be maintained in that imperfect form, will be re-asserted when the other elements are ready to be taken up into it. 2nd, Whatever has been negatively denied is destined to be positively denied.

Before pursuing further the subject of "Positive Denial" or "Being in Effect," let us turn to the earlier stages and see how "Anticipation" and "Suppression" are related to each other and contrasted.

"Both are partial, but in the former the wanting element is *simply* wanting, so to speak. It is one that has never been in consciousness. The 'Anticipation' (whether in thought, emotion, or practice) is as it were complete in itself, free from traces of strife or disharmony, until indeed the new elements which bring in the suppression begin to struggle with it. The suppression on the other hand is not only imperfect, but is *to the race*, to *some* at least, consciously so: it carries a sacrifice and contradiction of something belonging to us on its face."[1]

As I remarked just now, there are many individuals, indeed whole classes of persons, who so completely represent the suppression stage in themselves, that they are conscious of nothing wanting, of no violence done to their

[1] Hinton's MSS. Sociology.

nature. The work given them to do is to advance the "Suppression," and they are thoroughly in harmony with it. But to see the essential features of this epoch one must take a wide sweep, and especially must we note the characters that it assumes as it approaches its completion. It will then be evident that this state is emphatically a tension, becoming ever more severe as it is prolonged, and the suppressed elements gathering strength refuse to be any longer coerced. There is a peculiar constitution to which it is given to discern, or rather to *feel*, when this tension is nearing its completion. Perhaps it is this that is the essential character of genius in whatever department of life it may exhibit itself; it is forced to overthrow in itself the tension, and thus aid the transition to the new epoch. When Genius has for its sphere the field of public events and human action, it becomes the Prophet, and its great word is ever the same—"The time is at hand," "The day of the Lord is come," "The warfare is accomplished," "This is the accepted time." But long before the completion of this period is reached, the suppression has become intensely painful to a portion of society. This is inevitable, since progress is not made all along the line at once; there must be some individuals who are "ready" before the arrangements of society will permit them to advance. It is to such persons—suffering it may be blindly and hopelessly—that this view of the nature of human progress, and the relation of the particular stage in which they find themselves to the general process, comes like a gospel of deliverance.

When we consider, too, that ever in passing from one stage to another, it is the *best* that has to be given up, we shall do justice to those who resist, as well as to those who further progress. We shall appreciate their motives, and sympathise with the tenacity with which they cling

at all costs to that which they feel in their heart of hearts to be good. Look, for instance, at the history of religious persecution. What was it but a desperate effort to cling to an ideal—the unity of belief, which was not, under existing conditions, to be realised? Through that long agony of humanity, God was striving to wrench from man this ideal—not because it was not good in itself, but because the conditions for the realisation were not yet fulfilled. It surely would be a most mistaken view to see, even in the worst cruelties of a Philip II., nothing but the excesses of tyranny, or the gratification of a vicious disposition. Philip II. could not give up his "best"—the Catholic unity of the world. Which of us finds it so easy to give up his best that he can afford to condemn him? And, indeed, it was a noble ideal—too good to be only a dream—it still waits for its fulfilment. Philip's error was only that he did not see that God called him, through the voice of suffering humanity, to give it up, to bury it like a seed in the ground, losing in order to possess more fully.

Nor is this principle less applicable to social and political changes going on around us, and a discernment of it may well help us to see how it is possible for the best men to differ in their estimate of the effect of such changes, how there must always be some of the noblest as well as some of the vilest elements of society arrayed against all progress. And there will always be much in the appearance to justify such resistance. The Conservative opposes the transition from the first to the second stage; or when the transition is accomplished he is perpetually looking back with regret, and saying, "the former days were better than these." And how much truth is there in the lament! It does seem as if the most precious things were those which we have surrendered. Does not every nation look

back upon a golden age in the past, when the virtues flourished that have now become almost obsolete—the simplicity of children and the purity of women, the courage and magnanimity of young men, the fidelity of old servants, the honesty of the workman and the trader? Are we not always travelling "farther from the East," driven onwards by a relentless and cruel fate, or allured by good that withers in our grasp? In passing from the anticipation to the suppression stage, especially, it seems as if the gains were material and intellectual, whilst the loss is of the moral kind, and therefore incommensurably greater—but this does not represent the absolute truth of the case, or at all events, the moral, if lost sight of for a time, is only "suppressed for perfecting." The passage from the first to the second stage is necessitated by the growth of Humanity: as the elements tend to become more "heterogeneous and differentiated" a new organisation is called for, the old one has been outgrown. There will always be some individuals in whom this instinct of progress will operate most powerfully—those for whom there was not sufficient scope in the old lines,—whereas others, and those some of the best, who had found all that their nature demanded in the existing condition, will resist the change. This opposition to progress, on moral grounds, will often range itself by the side of the merely selfish clinging to privilege and monopoly, which has become a crime against humanity, in presence of the new interests that have sprung up, to which these privileges are destructive. The party of progress will naturally fix upon the latter element as the mark for their attack, and stigmatise their opponents as enemies of the public weal. Thus, for instance, in the Land question: with what perfect good faith do many of our aristocrats cling to the old system of absolute ownership as the only possible guardian of a whole class of

humanising and dignified relations, which will be swept away where the only tie between man and man is what Carlyle calls the "cash nexus." A good landlord is the nucleus around whom cluster a thousand kindly and gracious influences. What industrial advantages can ever compensate for the loss of loyalty, reverence, and mutual services rendered without condescension, and without servility? Such sentiments, perfectly genuine in a few, cast a halo of sacredness over a system which crowds the millions into unwholesome dens, and cuts off the whole labouring class from a due participation in the fruits of their toil; while these fruits go to swell the enormous fortunes which spread a deadly upas shade upon all beneath them. Let any one see what are the actual effects of monopoly in land, and he will hardly be able to do justice to the ideal picture of the benevolent landlord, surrounded by a loyal and contented tenantry.

It is not easy for those in the heat of the contest to see how much of reason there is on the side of their opponents, but surely there is an unnecessary amount of mutual misunderstanding and ill feeling consequent thereupon, and it is the part of those who, from a detached position, can view the larger cycle of human change to put in a reconciling word, and, above all, to hint at a hope that in the next stage the aspirations of both will be more than fulfilled. Those who point us back regretfully to the past, and would fain revive an obsolete belief and an effete system, may be bidden to look rather on to the future, when all that once was precious in the past shall be restored; and those who insist on Progress may be told fearlessly to go on, only remembering that what they are achieving and acquiring with such satisfaction must also be given up, in order to be truly possessed.

Observing here the same process of Evolution as is

exhibited in the inorganic world, we find a double set of changes going on, a breaking up of imperfect unities with a progressive differentiation of their apparently homogeneous constitutents, and then a reintegration of these into larger wholes. Societies held together by force to the suppression of individual rights are dissolved when their inevitable growth renders those individuals too powerful to be any longer coerced. After an interval of chaotic striving the ferment subsides and new associations are formed by the action of natural affinities. The industrial type succeeds to the militant: voluntary co-operation (*vide* Herbert Spencer) follows upon compulsory co-operation. The goal of civilisation is Society organised from within. The breaking up of an imperfect organisation unsuited to the growing complexity of the life is but one stage: the constructive must follow upon the destructive. Possibly this observation was made in very early times, and was embodied in the myth of the Phœnix. The difficulty of applying this principle to existing conditions is caused by our being not merely spectators but participators in the strife. We are the molecules undergoing the pangs of transformation, our "evils" are the actions of the world-force felt by us as passions.

"We look before and after," and are deluded by a perspective, whose laws we do not understand. Behind us we behold the Past as it

> "Orbs into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein."

Before us through a serener heaven rolls a larger fairer orb. Around us is strife and confusion which we contrast, if Pessimists, with what is behind us—if Optimists, with what is before. The transition from the "unspoiled unity" to the "disappointing multiplicity" is always going on;

but it is not always evident to us that this multiplicity contains in itself the tendency towards a better unity than that which has been dissolved.

The antagonistic forces of Individualism and Socialism are always present; which is in the ascendant depends upon the particular stage of evolution reached. Progress is not made all along the line at once. Every crisis is ushered in by its band of martyrs, men whose instincts had outstripped those of their race and age: "lawbreakers" who fall crushed before the institutions they assail, but whose spirits "marching on" invisible lead the van of the conquering army. There are those too who lag behind, dragged on unwilling from a condition of things that had suited them wholly, and from which they were unprepared to part. Before them there seems to be only chaos, behind them a framework of order which they had adorned with beauty, and wherein they had found scope for the exercise of all the virtues. This is the great tragedy of life (but also its glory viewed from another side), that at every stage it must part with its dearest possessions before it can gain the yet unknown good. That is why at each parting of the ways there stands the Man of Genius, to initiate the new departure, because he alone is capable of giving up his best. This giving-up will necessarily appear a crime in the eyes of his contemporaries, and those who are most zealous in the maintenance of the good already attained will be foremost in punishing him who assails it. Thus every advance is wrought out in pain. There is a double tragedy, that of the martyred reformer, and that of the vanquished opponent of progress compelled to turn his back upon all that he reveres, and to take part in changes which he repudiates. The latter is the more to be pitied, because the former is inspired by hope.

With regard to the issue now so fiercely contested be-

tween Individualism and Socialism, it is evident that the former stands between an imperfect anticipation of social order, and its more complete realisation. It is one of the most weighty arguments brought against Socialists by their opponents that their schemes would put back society into a condition from which it has with much struggle and difficulty emerged: that the holding of land, *e.g.*, by the tribe or commune was a primitive arrangement which has in almost every country been superseded by the institution of private ownership as an inevitable consequence of advance, and that to restore the old, even if it were possible, would be to destroy the work of civilisation. It is moreover pointed out that all progress in social and political life is marked by the greater prominence given to the individual rights. This has been especially the case with England, and if we allow Mr. Herbert Spencer to take us through a rapid survey of our past, it will perhaps seem as if History had nothing to record but the gradual emergence of the individual from the mass. This may all be true: the social schemes on which many set their hopes may have been tried in the past and found wanting —the exultation in our profits may not be wholly out of place. We at the same time will be well to inquire if there has not been a loss to match the gain, and whether those forms of life which we boast ourselves to have outgrown did not contain some elements that are at present lacking in our society. If indeed it did embody an "Anticipation" which is destined to return in a more projected form, then this present stage of ours must be termed a "Suppression." The name strikes oddly on our ears when we reflect that an almost unrestricted liberty is the distinguishing mark of our time. But if we revert to our illustration of the drawing, we shall see it was the character of the second stage that in proportion as each

individual thing was delineated with clearness, and accuracy, the unity that made the whole into a picture was sacrificed. The primary truth that impressed the imagination was lost sight of in order that the details might be minutely observed.

And here too amongst us are a multitude of sharply defined "selves" bristling with rights which it takes the ingenuity of the acutest intellect to adjust. Surely if there be a celestial Artist who views the scene of human affairs, he must miss in this pushing struggling crowd the lines of harmony and grace that make a Society. Nay, is not Man himself such an Artist, and has he not, through the men of genius who are his mouthpiece, denounced in unsparing scorn the ugliness of our modern life: and what is ugliness but lack of unity? Nor is it only a Ruskin who groans over this spoiled harmony. Is there not in all of us a haunting sense that something has been lost out of our life—some dream of a forgotten Past hovers over the busy eager Present, reproaching its broken order. The consciousness of Humanity is true to its first instinct, however long that instinct has had to be held in abeyance, and as the suppression stage is nearing its termination, the unrest grows ever more palpable.

In vain does the great preacher of Individualism point to our gains and promise that an indefinite progress along the same lines will lead to a satisfactory solution of all our difficulties. This sense of a Unity not realised will not let man rest, it

> "Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
> A presence that is not to be put by."

This contest of Socialism and Individualism is like that of Religion and Science, the latter strong in its grasp upon phenomena, the former with a true anticipation feeling out toward the secret of Being. And as the strife must

ever be renewed, and Religion be kept from her rightful sway until the conditions have been fulfilled by conceptions which account for the phenomena, and leave room for Intellect to have full play in its own field—so a true Socialism will never be attained until the basis of the new City is laid broad and deep in the individual life.

It is surely a significant feature of the various attempts to overthrow the existing organisation of society that they are all pervaded by a spirit of reckless heroism, their promoters flinging themselves into the breach with an utter disregard of all consequences to themselves. What puzzles the respectable citizen, the man who values the existing order as the guardian of his person and property, is the entire absence of a programme from these anarchists. He could comprehend a desperate struggle to recover and maintain violated personal rights. The contest of labour with capital for a more equal division of the produce is at least reasonable, though alarming and deplorable. But this impulse of mere destruction—this self-immolation for no definite object—he has no clue to it, and puts it down therefore as incredibly, outrageously wicked. To me it seems as if Nature were in these men asserting herself against a violation of the natural order, against a repression become at length intolerable. It is as though through a deep instinct in these men she said, "Whatever comes of it, this at least must cease—this basis must be overthrown." How human life will organise itself on a new basis we know not. How can we foresee? Let the *Life* be set free first. Is there after all any other command given to poor struggling, blundering mortals but this: "Cease to do evil, *learn* to do good." Not "do good;" that is impossible till you have learnt, and the first condition of learning is ceasing to do what has been proved evil. Let those condemn the Nihilists and Anarchists who have never in

the midst of the smooth sleek luxury of the English home felt the fierce gnawings of the hungry human heart within them, hungry for privation, toil—nay, even crime—anything that shall prove its kinship in blind protest against the selfish isolation from its fellows. Let those condemn who expect to enjoy a "heaven haunted by shrieks of far-off misery," the counterpart of their earthly paradise. For my part I can neither justify nor condemn the deeds of aimless and apparently fruitless violence: I can only look on them as on some fearful convulsion of nature, with awe and shuddering pity, but with no despair. Whatever this is, it is not *Death:* these throes are a birth agony; a new world is ready to come forth.

To return to our investigation of the character of a Suppression period. What is exactly the work therein accomplished? It will be seen that this consists in the *fulfilling of the conditions* necessary for the restoration of the truth asserted by anticipation and since lost sight of. Let a simple illustration be allowed me. "Come to me," says the mother to the infant beginning to toddle. The child puts out its arms, makes a movement forward, and falls on the ground. That is its Anticipation period: its effort to obey without fulfilling the condition. Being picked up it makes the next attempt, looking now, not at the mother, but at its own feet. This is its Suppression, its Observation period, during which it seems to forget the goal of its efforts, but not till it has learnt to use its feet can it truly fulfil the command, "Come to me." There are indeed some actions which are perfectly performed from the first; those which we term instinctive and which we have in common with the animals; it will be found that in these cases the conditions already exist in the environment. Wherever we see failure, we may regard it as a note of preparation for further development.

Viewed dynamically, this preparation consists in the production of a tension, the storing up of a force to be used in a succeeding stage. It will thus be evident that the reason of the Suppression must be sought in that which follows it; looked at in an isolated way it should and does present baffling contradictions and a sense of arbitrary wrongness. Its purpose is manifest only on its ceasing.

Common life furnishes numerous illustrations of this principle. We produce a tension, not for the sake of any good in the tension itself, but for the effect of its ceasing. It may be all seen in the winding up of a watch. We bend the spring, not because we wish to keep it bent, but that in relaxing it may give out the force put into it. The whole physical world is constructed upon this pattern, and seems expressly designed to put into our hands the key to the mysteries of our own life. Strange, therefore, that when we travel into the moral sphere, we should fail to recognise the familiar features of our physical experience. Here too is a dynamic order not less evident; here are forces locked up, stored for use, and it does not occur to us to ask for what function are they destined: what will be the effect of the ceasing of these restraints. We look at these restrictions as good (or it may be as bad) in and for themselves, and when they are cast off we think there is an end of them, overlooking the fact that they have existed only for the effect to be produced by their ceasing. We possess them then first truly when it seems as if they had passed away. Take Asceticism, the denial of pleasure, as the greatest example of the producing of a tension. Nature has so linked together pleasure and use, so made the actions that subserve life in themselves delightful, that she can never have meant permanently to withhold man from enjoyment. Why then did Asceticism arise? Was it purely arbitrary, mis-

chievous, as one might imagine, to listen to the pœans of some Protestant writers on its downfall. How unphilosophical, how contrary to the temper of all Science, is it to affirm of any great phase of human experience that it need not have been! Is there a must-be for the dewdrop poised upon the blade of grass? and are the tears of man accounted? Nay, "they are all put into Thy bottle!" May we not see in Asceticism the production and storing up of a force destined for the raising of man's life to a higher level? He was to be made capable of taking pleasure rightly, that is, *not for self*, and as a preliminary he was made to refuse pleasure for self. Not till he had learnt to do this could pleasure be free to him. He only who has refused all pleasure that Service forbids can accept all that Service enjoins: he has worn the yoke for the sake of the liberty, and it is when all restrictions are thrown off that their true use is discerned. "Laws that constrain and tyrannies that fetter" are cast off when within these limits has been gathered the strength which no longer needs them. They are *in their effect* when they have ceased apparently to restrain.

Let us now proceed to see by the light of a few more illustrations the meaning of "positive denial" or "being in effect" which marks the third or complete stage. Here, too, as in the suppression, there is a giving up, but it is such a surrender as is the essential condition of a true possession; what is given up in its self form is vitally present in its effect. Take as an illustration the making of astronomy. The Epicycles are "positively denied" in the Copernican astronomy; that is to say that all the accurate observation and logical reasoning that went to make the Epicycles, was taken up into the new interpretation; the Epicycles were in their effect—they had existed for the purpose of bringing about that interpretation.

It can easily be imagined that some astronomer may have been so enamoured of the ingenuity of these elaborate hypotheses that he should refuse to part with them, feeling that what had cost the human mind so much, must be too precious to give up. A similar struggle no doubt took place in the mind of Saul of Tarsus before he could let go the righteousness of "deeds of the law;" but when he wrote "the law was our pedagogue to bring us to Christ," and "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," he had already learnt that the true value of the law was in its effect. That law was latent and not merely absent in this free obedience, was proved by the fact that if love grew cold, law would immediately reassert itself. If he had not the "faith that worketh by love" he would be again "under the law;" it was not abrogated except by its fulfilment. Let love be absent and he would be bound by every enactment. Just so, the Epicycles, being the only possible[1] explanation of the apparent motions on the assumption of the earth's steadfastness, must remain in force until the movement of the earth had accounted for those motions: they could not be merely swept away, *negatively* denied; that which was of value in them must be embodied in the new theory, namely, the explanation of the phenomena. The motion of the earth had been affirmed by anticipation by Pythagoras, but it could not be held because the basis of a "positive denial" had not been laid in the observation of the apparent motions; these could not be denied

[1] It may be objected that as a matter of fact other explanations of the apparent motions were brought forward. But the same statement is true of them also—viz., that they cannot be arbitrarily set aside. The false hypothesis is binding until the true interpretation is found.

"positively" because they had not yet come within the sphere of man's knowledge—they were *merely* absent.

It will be seen by this illustration that this third stage cannot by any trying be antedated. You cannot fight your foe till he is on the field, nor can you "positively" deny what has not been clearly affirmed. At the same time, of course, it is not meant that every such process goes on in each individual. A complete process of unification of polar opposites becomes part of the transmitted inheritance of humanity; each age builds with the materials handed on to it by the preceding, and contributes its own accumulations to the common stock. Thus a great deal of our knowledge, besides that of the heliocentric astronomy, would be found on analysis to contain as an element the positive denial of a multitude of carefully elaborated hypotheses: just as we have already observed that the common politeness of good society is the matured product of a number of irksome restraints which have become latent in an inherited instinct. So the advance of humanity is carried on; but it still remains true that for the individual the richness and fulness of his life depends upon the extent of his *own* givings up. It cannot be done for him, for however much may be taken from him unwilling, it is not till he makes this his own act that he begins to live.

It is in this moral sphere that the truth of positive denial receives its most important verification, not only from the blessed experience of those who have proved that "the only true having is in giving up," but equally in the empty, weary discontent of those who, refusing to accept this law, have tried to retain their good things in the self form and have found that the reality eluded them and what they held so tightly clutched was a vain shadow. The astronomical illustration will yield us a further light

upon these givings up in the moral sphere.[1] In the Suppression stage of the science more and more "appearances" are being accurately observed, arranged and classified. These are not *knowledge,* truly speaking—they are only the materials from which knowledge is to be derived; indeed until they are interpreted, *i.e.* positively denied, they lead us farther and farther away from the unity of the original conception. This is true of all science, not only of astronomy; an observation period alternates with an interpretative, which may also be termed respectively nutritive and functional. Now there is a parallel here with the moral life, if we take the self as corresponding with the sense.[2] Life advances as science does. Ever more and more self-good is embraced and enjoyed, just as more and more self-appearances are observed; but that is not the true good, just as this is not the true knowledge and as the true seeing is in the positive denial of the appearance, so the true possessing is in the giving up of the self-good; in each case it is a holding on and a letting go both together. We see here a reason why our life should be full of enjoyment of both kinds, why we should not wantonly and arbitrarily neglect any; just as the scientific observer must not neglect any of the phenomena: these, though not the true knowledge, the true good, are destined to yield them."

[3] "Let it be noted that in each case, whether of Art, Science, or Human Life, the excluded element of the suppression period which has to return and for the sake of which the details are positively denied is *unity:* it is so in the picture, it is harmony of colour that demands it. Emphatically it is so in science: here the advance is ever

[1] MSS. Sociology.

[2] This parallel is worked out more at large in the "Analogy of the Moral and Intellectual Life."

[3] MSS Sociology.

marked by a substitution in the inclusive *one* for the disconnected *many*. One fact in many appearances. And surely in human life it is unity which exists on the giving up—that is the meaning of this demand of love. It is the unity of man making itself felt, insisting on being recognised as the fact because it is so. And as in Science and Art the problem is not to present Nature as *an* unit but as *the* unit, which necessitates our perceiving all these details, so too in the organisation of society; it is not *done* in any system which abrogates the rights of any: the demand is for that which involves and implies the fullest possession of all their rights by all. And this can only be by the willing giving. And so we see it cannot be organised from without, or passively; it must organise itself; it must be by its own act, that is, it must be a *living* process. This is why Life is as we see it."

Again: "This, too, must be noticed, that it is just because there is so much power and worth in the true giving up, that we must be on our guard against doing this in an arbitrary way. The sacrifice must be altruistic, must be for the sake of the banished unity, otherwise it does not fulfil the conditions. We may not give up one appearance, one detail *for the sake of another*, but for the unity; and in thus giving them up we truly possess *them*—not something else, but the very things themselves. So with the self-pleasures; we must neither give them up arbitrarily, ascetically,—because sacrifice is a good in itself—nor must we give up one merely in order to attain a better for ourselves, it must be for *others'* sakes that we give them up."

"In fact, we are not to sacrifice at all that *we* may have, we are to sacrifice only that *others* may have. And what comes of our sacrifice is not that we have another thing however much better, but that we truly have that very

thing that we sacrifice." Others' needs are to us the voice of Nature authorising the giving, so that it is no longer a self-thing done for our own goodness' sake, but an entering into, a partaking of the life of the whole. And so it is, too, when the giving is forced upon us by necessity, in the form of inevitable suffering and privation,—emphatically is it so then, for then are we sure there is nothing arbitrary about it; in submitting to the inevitable, recognising in it the expression of the Supreme Love, we are exercising the highest prerogative of the creature will.

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them thine."

The intellectual development of each individual, however little remarkable, furnishes instances of this "being in effect" (which is perhaps for some purposes a better expression for "positive denial"). "What I am is fed on what I tried to be but could not." How often do we miscall "failure" that which is truest success in the making! The ease with which we do many things is the "being in effect" of a long series of toilsome efforts which we finally abandoned as useless. "The hard task," says Hinton, "is to find the easy way." The scales and exercises that are such weary work to the young beginner are in their effect in the melting tones of the adagio that flows in a dreamy ease from the fingers of the musician; and so it is with all arts, dancing, literary composition, &c.—ease is the last result of toil.

Let us take an illustration again from the acquiring of knowledge. How much is the labour abridged by classification, which is a case of having in effect. We begin by observing and noting all the details of a multitude of objects: then we find a certain number of particulars in which all are alike, and thus form our class. This done,

we can drop the rest of the details that would otherwise encumber our memory. With a limited power of remembering, and an unlimited number of things to learn, the art of arts must be to know *what to forget.* We put our gains in the smallest possible compass that we may carry them the more easily, and every improvement in classification is, in fact, rendering our knowledge more concise. This corresponds to what we said just now about the picture—the only way to get a great number of objects into the canvas is to let the details become implicit. Schiller says, "The true master of style is known by what he omits." Hinton was fond of illustrating the subject by mathematics. The application in this connection of the fluxion is too abstruse to be treated here, but it is easy to see it in the diagonal, which has the length and the depth line in their effects.

Another favourite illustration of Hinton's for this subject was the spiral.[1] This form, Nature's hieroglyph for the fact of life, which meets us at every turn in the animate and inanimate world, exhibits how the third stage is the first repeated yet with something added—each round of the corkscrew coming back to the same point but on a higher level. There are here three motions in length, breadth, and depth present in their effect. Surely it is not for nothing that this form is all but universal in nature from the elipses of the planets down to the tendrils of the smallest weed.

But here it is very important to notice the difference between positive and negative denial—between the right and wrong "giving up." If the fulness of life is measured by the extent of its "giving up," it is equally measured by its tenacity of "holding on;" and nothing is more alien to true progress than a mere loose abandonment of efforts.

[1] More accurately "helix."

The giving up must be of that which is valued, or it is no true giving. We may see this in the sacrifice of pleasure. It is well to have a rich full nature, ready to thrill with delight in response to every harmony struck by the external world, and this not for the sake of mere pleasure itself, but because every enjoyment furnishes the means of giving — the elements of positive denial. A dull, sluggish nature, with poor susceptibilities, may take a pride in being proof against the seductions of pleasure, but this is a mere negative denial, and quite worthless— it has no moral element in it.

[1] "This must be a law, too, how every self-having is destined to transform itself into a giving, and, in its becoming, to bring into being a new demand for a self-having—*i.e.*, a new self joy. In fact this law of enjoying ever rises higher; the demand, the pleasure becomes more, higher, more exquisite, but never too pure, too exquisite, too unimaginably holy to be given up. *Never* so; that were to suppose God unable to surpass us."

"These self joys are of an emphatic value, not chiefly for themselves, but because they are the germs of the new giving. Pleasure should be sought, prized, insisted on emphatically for this, that it is the seed, it is the thing that is next for use, the means of the next sacrifice, the next advance towards God. Is this the true thought of our eternal and limitless approach to the Divine?"

Surely we may here catch a hint of that deepest of all mysteries, the unity of humanity, and the relation of parts to the whole. For it is just when each individual self has reached its fullest development that it touches upon that supreme moment of sacrifice, and dies into life. It was for this it was adorned with all beauty, and dowered with all good. Nothing less than Rome's noblest treasures,

[1] MSS. Sociology.

valour and arms, were to be cast into the fatal gulf. The "Lamb without blemish and without spot" must be the great world sacrifice. So one comes upon the explanation of the phenomena that furnish the material of the Pessimist philosopher, and seem to justify his despairing verdict, "All is vanity." The culminating point of greatness and prosperity in an individual or a nation are, he notices, close upon its fall. To what end, then, this perpetual striving, this painful evolution? "Better than all the living is he that hath never seen the sun!" This is indeed a negative denial. But what is the alternative? From the summit of humanity comes a voice, "No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of My Father." This, then, is the solution: To consent to die is to enter into Life.

The importance of learning to distinguish between the features of the negative and positive denial will appear when we consider how much harsh and ignorant censure is founded on a failure to do this. This is particularly noticeable in theological discussions, and is a root of much of the intolerance that characterises them. Take, for instance, the negative and the positive denial of a personal God. There is, no doubt, much of what may be called pure and simple godlessness—a mere inability to discern anything higher than the physical laws in nature and the course of this world—an entire absorption in material interests, and even a deliberate refusal to entertain the idea of a moral responsibility to a higher Power. This mere absence of God from the heart and conscience is at the furthest possible remove from that overwhelming sense of the immanence of a Spiritual Presence in Nature, which refuses from utter reverence to define it within the limits

of a self personality. What more devout spirit could there be than Wordsworth's when he speaks of himself as penetrated by

> "A sense sublime
> Of Something far more deeply interfused.
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

And yet this language and attitude of mind has a superficial resemblance to that of the mere negative denier of a personal God, and is therefore often regarded with the same sort of condemnation by those who have not learnt to distinguish between these two kinds of denial. It requires a trained philosopher's insight to discern the latent elements of belief; but how powerfully operative they are, even when latent, becomes evident when, in the withdrawal of the other elements, they emerge into view. This was most remarkably illustrated by James Hinton himself. Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, in his Introduction to "The Art of Thinking," quotes a saying of Coleridge's: "My head was with Spinoza, my heart with SS. Paul and John." Now James Hinton had achieved such a perfect synthesis of head and heart, that rich undertones of emotion could be felt penetrating his most abstract arguments. All those intimate and tender experiences of the devout Christian who "walks with God," which had been his earlier, were latent, not absent, in the subsequent days, when his talk was all of "Nature," and God seemed to have receded into the background. I remarked to him once in writing that I missed those references to a personal God which were once so frequent in his letters. I quote a passage from his reply:

"Truly the 'people' with whom I always live, to whom I always talk, for whom and under whom I always act, whose will and work I care about, whose aims and means I study, whose thoughts and designs and passions I seem to know; before whom my soul bows, and my desires are still, who are welcome to me, who could do me no wrong, but not using me as they would—these people with whom I live are the Beings who are engaged in bringing man to his Life, that is, *Nature* and *God*. Nature first, in the sense of nearest, and God, who *is* Nature and all beside, whom I know in Nature, with her clear and passionate soul, and do not yet want to know any other way any more than a baby wants to know God any other way than in its mother. There is a time for all things. And I shall know God otherwise when I am capable. Meanwhile, I know Nature. I grip her hand, I am content: that is, I am content in the sense that means being infinitely discontented; being rich, in the sense that means possessing nothing."

That the intimate sense of a personal God was only latent in him, not lost, was proved by its emerging into full consciousness, when advancing disease paralysed to a certain degree his power of prolonged abstract thought, and threw him back upon the simpler conceptions of his faith. If he could no longer think with Spinoza, he could still feel with SS. Paul and John. On one of his last interviews with me before going out to the Azores, I remember his saying in a choking voice words like these: "When I was strong and confident, I was content with Nature, but now that I am weak and depressed, I cannot do without God." And the Everlasting Arms were spread to receive him as he sank into them broken and weary. The tone of his last letters is that of a child humbled and

forgiven, and the only relief from the sufferings of his last months was obtained in prayer.

A similar contrast may be observed between the two ways in which personal immortality is denied. The instinctive affirmation of the heart that "Life is life for evermore," is held first in a crude imperfect form, combined with elements that must fall away, as the nature of the physical is better understood. Then the blank eclipse of doubt falls upon this hope of immortality—the soul loses "her early heaven, her happy views:" the future is impenetrably dark, and throws back its gloomy shadows upon the present. This is a negative denial, and so terrible a condition is it, that any one may well shrink from taking upon himself what Vernon Lee calls the "responsibilities of unbelief," and troubling by whisper of incredulity the tranquil faith of those who see in vision

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods
> Stand drest in living green;"

and who expect hereafter the fruition of every wish and purpose thwarted on earth. But there is another sort of denial than this—a denial of the indefinite prolongation of self-consciousness, because it is felt that this "self" of ours is the very negation which is to be destroyed when the fulness of life is bestowed. That life is dimly apprehended in a way that makes this present condition of ours seem to be rather death than life; and the putting off the physical with all that belongs to it is conceived as not being "unclothed but clothed upon, mortality swallowed up of life."

Hinton's denial has sometimes been treated as if it were a mere negation, whereas it was in fact a most intense affirmation. He possessed the very substance of the things hoped for. "I have lost," said he to me, "the

blessings of those who having not seen have believed; for I have seen." His face rises before me now as I have often seen it, wearied with the very rapture of the vision spread out before his inward eye, the vision "of what the world will be, when the years have passed away;" and I can hear again the words, "I do not ask to live again: if God should take me away now, He has given me enough; He has shown me His glory. I ask for no other Heaven." It will surely strike the least sympathetic, that this sort of denial is very different from a chill and cheerless negation of the Christian hope. It is an extinction of the craving by the possession of the eternal good; it is a quenching of thirst by the upspringing of a living fountain within the heart.

The truth of this "being in effect," will acquire a pathetic value for us, if we consider it in relation to the objects of affection removed from us by death. "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come to you, but if I depart, I will send Him to you." Hard indeed must it have been for the disciples of Jesus, to believe that they should gain by losing Him; and yet what is more evident than this gain? As long as He was with them in the "self" form they were wavering, inconstant. Their love to Him was attached to the outward and transient, was soiled by personal ambition and mutual rivalries, and never gave them a power of entering by sympathy into the secret of His devoted life. But when His self personality was shattered by death, He rose again, as an abiding spiritual presence, never more to leave them, and S. Paul, who had never known Him in the flesh, was nearer to Him when he could say: "The love of Christ constraineth me," "Christ liveth in me," than S. John when he leaned upon His breast at supper. Nor should we regard this as an

exceptional case. It is a false honour we do Him, when we fear to appropriate His own promise, "because I live ye shall live also," and *in the same way.* This is the only consolation I know of for bereaved human hearts, that the love which begins as a mere clinging to the human personality, may become such a spiritual union that death can only perfect, not annihilate it.

Have we none of us known a friend, a teacher, whose message for us was brought home with tenfold force to our hearts when his living voice was silenced? It very often happens that the personality of the teacher, even though beloved and honoured, is a hindrance to the acceptance of the truth he teaches. There is something incongruous, disenchanting, in his manner or method, or the trivial circumstances of his external life have given a narrowed significance to his words; it is not till we dissociate them from the man that they rise into an universal truth, and we see in them new and wider applications.

But let us go beyond the sphere of our own personal affections, and think of the "choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world," that company of mighty dead whose thoughts we breathe in with every inspiration of our minds. Are they not "living in effect"? Never did this truth find sublimer expression than in Shelley's "Adonais"—when the lament changes into a song of triumph over that which cannot die.

> "He is made one with Nature: there is heard
> His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
> He is a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light from herb and stone,
> Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
> Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
> Which wields the world with never wearied love,
> Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

Nor is it only the great, whose names we can identify with the mental gains we owe to them, who live on in this sense. As the dust on which we tread all formed once part of some animated human body, so in our spiritual life now is summed up the lives of all the generations that have gone before. Our knowledge has been built up, grain by grain, from their observations, their guessings, their gropings, their achieved processes, and no less by their rejected failures: the very materials with which we deal, as well as our methods of working, have been created by their activity. Nay, more, "the moral sentiments that are born within us, slumbering as it were in our nature ready to be awakened into action immediately they are aroused by hint of corresponding circumstances, are drawn out of the whole of previous human existence. They constitute our treasured inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being who has trod the earth, has failed to add his contribution. . . . No single soul has borne itself through its personal trial without bequeathing to us of its fruit."[1]

Thus the world rolls on ever enriched by the lives of men: and as—to revert to our first illustration—the great artist can, without crowding his canvas, bring into his picture ever more and more of Nature in proportion as the details become, as it were, implicit; so there is room on our planet for all the races of the Past, and there will be room for all those of the Future by virtue of that wondrous Law which distils from the transient human personality the enduring spiritual energy.

[1] Sara Hennell, quoted in Life of George Eliot.

HINTON THE SEER.

The two functions of Seeing and Saying expressed respectively in the words Seer and Prophet are usually associated in the same individual, so that we have come to use the names interchangeably. And yet we shall generally find that one or the other predominates and gives the character to the man. He must indeed have a vision or he would have nothing to forthtell, and having that vision he cannot but speak it, for "the word of the Lord is as a fire shut up in his bones," he is "weary with forbearing and cannot stay." But amongst those who have come to be recognised as commissioned to give "authentic tidings of invisible things," there are some who have given most care and toil to the shaping of their message, to whom the form was almost as important as the substance. To them it was said, "Go, speak in the ears of all this people," and the task was laid upon them of making themselves heard. These are the men who sway the forces of literature now that the written has taken the place of the spoken word. Such an one was Carlyle: he is often called the Seer, but might be more aptly designated the Prophet, for seeing was not his sole, nor indeed his chief function: he had to utter what he saw; and what sweat of brow that utterance cost him, what pains he took to speak truly and forcibly the thing he discerned, is told with minute fidelity in the pages of his memoir.

There is a common idea that the inspiration of the prophet lifts him above the necessity of taking pains, that it is the lesser talent only that must toil and spin, whilst Genius has but to transmit what is given to it. Far truer than this is the definition that has been given of Genius as an "infinite capacity for taking pains," especially if we add to this, the *compulsion* that is upon it to take these pains, so that to abstain from working would itself be harder than the severest labour.

Let the pages of Carlyle's Life witness how true this was in his case. Mr. Froude has been much censured for transcribing so many of those cries of pain and sighs of weariness with which Carlyle was wont to record the progress of his labours; but for my part I thank him that he has not, through an excessive regard for decorum, drawn a veil over expressions of the inner life which show us at what a price are purchased the gifts a great man bestows so freely. An ungrateful world needs to be reminded of what it owes to its benefactors.

But if this is one aspect of the Prophet's work, there is another in which he is simply the Seer, where the duty of uttering a message remains in the background, the whole nature being strained to the last point of tension by its vision. With these rare spirits to live is to *see;* all duty, all happiness, is summed up in this. Such was James Hinton. Scientist and philosopher as he was, and endowed with the instincts of artist and poet, none who knew him intimately can ever think of him as primarily anything but this, a Seer. It is true that the burden was also laid upon him to utter what he saw, and he wrote (except during the five years when he was "laid aside from seeing") with the most unremitting industry, his MSS. exceeding probably in bulk those of Carlyle in proportion to the time they occupied. But this writing was

only done to leave his mind clear for fresh visions. He did not, except when writing his published books, labour at the presentation of his thoughts in a forcible style. For some few years indeed he worked at literature as a profession to live by, and strove with no small success to write with clearness and grace, as may be seen in his "Life in Nature," and his miscellaneous essays. But these elaborated writings bear a small proportion to the mass of his recorded thought-life. He quarried the stone, leaving the huge blocks for another to shape and build into a fair temple of Truth. That such another will arise cannot be doubted by those who have caught from James Hinton the contagion of faith, and who share with him the unassailable conviction of the unity of mankind, by virtue of which every intellectual and spiritual gain acquired by the foremost mind is henceforward become the inalienable inheritance of the race, however slow may be the process of realising the possession. The light that has once touched the summit must at length flood the valleys.

But my present purpose is not so much to speak of the truth won as of the Seer himself, and of the conditions of his insight. To those who are quite outside the sphere of such experiences, the word "*seeing*" suggests perhaps a passive receptivity, and seems the easiest of performances. But in fact this power of seeing involves a most severe discipline. Nor is this only at the commencement. With James Hinton it was repeated as the condition of all fresh discovery, and the strain became even more intense until the brain itself succumbed, and in the weariness of exhaustion he writes (in a letter), "What do I want to go on living for, I who am but a power of seeing, having parted with all else to purchase that gift?"

The general characteristics of Genius are the same, in

whatever field it may exhibit itself. Every true artist who has yielded himself to the inspiration of Nature knows what are the pains and the rewards of a brother artist, whether he wield the brush, the chisel, the strings, or the pen. Hinton's art was the "Art of Thinking"—but thinking was to him seeing: he had to wait for it, and could not command the mental visions any more than the painter the forms that come unbidden before his eyes. The conditions of his insight were therefore an inexhaustible patience, an entire self-suppression, and above all, a willingness to give up the most cherished opinions. But no words of description can give so true an idea of the Seer as a few extracts from his intimate letters and autobiography.

The first is from a letter to me in 1859, in which he has been speaking of light that has been cast upon some painful puzzle. "There is something very interesting about the way in which light breaks in upon the darkness. It is a long while before there comes to be a clear, expressible intellectual perception. There is a long course of dim chaotic conviction impalpable and formless which can nohow be said; if you attempt to put it into words it is manifestly ridiculous, and you have to unsay it directly. . . . One might compare the seeing a new fact to the dawning of a day: a mere indescribable change in the night at first; it is not as it was before; you can't say it is lighter, but the darkness is of a different kind, you know it must disappear; and then there are streaks in the horizon, so that you know in what direction to look; and after that there follow glowing colours and a blaze of splendour, witnessing to a victory won. That may stand for the proud burst of intoxicating joy with which a man's heart burns when he can first say out, and demonstrate to himself, that the truth must certainly be in that way, and that a new day

has dawned upon the world. But those colours (and they were no true emblems else) are painted only upon clouds, and do but gild the vapours which absorb and hide the light. So vain and empty are the passion and the pride; and so they pass, and when the *day* is come, behold it is the common, simple light of day!"

From another letter of the same year:—"If you have been under the illusion that I am good, the sooner you escape from it the better. Don't imagine that any of the goodness of the things I say comes out of me. They are good only because they are true to Nature. I hold that a man must have been good to have *invented* my book, 'Man and his Dwelling-place;' but a bad man might have *seen* it, nay, *must* have seen it, give him only eyes and the information of which I happen to be in possession. It isn't optional with a man what he will *see*. And here, indeed, is an argument, which to me is absolutely convincing that what I have said is a right thing to think at this time, and that it was a vision and not an invention. I *could* not have invented it; I might as well be charged with writing Shakespeare's plays."

The following exhibits more in detail the "art of seeing." It is in answer to some complaint of the paradoxes in his thoughts. "If it seems to you that there is a contradiction between things which both seem to be true as facts, or to have fair evidence, that is exactly the universal problem; that is the condition for seeing; I should be disposed to say (though that would want more considering) that true knowledge always comes in that way: nay, it *must*. Till there is the contradiction there are not the elements for completing the incompleteness of the perception. I should say it was there the whole art of the process lay. Whether or not there may be some *rule* found for the process I would not be sure; but I much incline to

think there may be, and that, given two contradictories, a distinct method for excluding the negation from each will some day be formulated. But at present I do not see this general process, I only feel it must pretty certainly exist. In the absence of it I have chiefly to say that the art of letting the two unite is to abstain from force—not to *make* them one, but to let them become so. It is a seeing, not an adjusting.

"Here you see how we can come to what I saw about genius: *that it is willing to feel it does not know* (that which is not genius insisting that one or other of the not known things is knowledge, for reasons suggested, as you remember).

"He accepts the contradictions, and recognising them as contradictions, feels '*I don't know that.*' This I should say is the *genius method;* you see it means dissatisfaction, unrest (where others are satisfied); you see it means doing the best it can, very likely one thing at one time, and at another time the opposite, alike with a sense that neither is the truly right thing to be done. In a word, it is a *consciousness of not seeing,* but a consciousness of not seeing in an active, stimulating, not a paralysing form,—a consciousness of not seeing that is neither content not to see, nor capable of saying 'I see' when it does not, nor, above all, of pushing things together for its own convenience and saying they are so.

"Now if you are in this unhappy, happy frame of mind about these points, I congratulate you—that is seeing in its *becoming.* You see the state has two characters; on the one hand, you are compelled to seek with the intensest energy (for perhaps this conscious not seeing is the unease which the human mind bears, of all, most unwillingly), and on the other, you are forbidden to invent, to dream, to affirm false seeing.

"To that frame of mind the fact, if the conditions for its being seen exist, is sure to reveal itself, the fact which gives both the contradictions as demands—see Copernicus *e.g.* He felt that simplicity and unity were demanded in our thought of the Universe, he felt that complexity and disorder were forced upon him by observation. He would not deny either, that was all, his whole soul being intent on the problem. Then he saw what satisfied both the demands at once and that proved itself: it brings with it an absolute conviction (which he, I think, who has once truly experienced never can be mistaken in again, or scarcely). That is what Genius means when it says 'I see.' So there comes that seemingly miraculous property of Genius, of going up to the true thing and singling it out from all the other things, that seem much more like truth than it—and some one or other of which all people believe and swear to.

"A truly miraculous gift it seems. But it is simple enough; it comes of experience, the experience once had of perceiving the fulfilling of the contradictory demands. He who has once felt this, till he throws (as he may do) the guide aside, has an unfailing instinct. He demands it always again, and the least glance is sufficient to show him where it is not. He has felt the touch of Nature direct on his own soul. Is it not absurd to ask him how he knows it?

"I think there is this epoch in the life of every person that is truly Genius. He is nothing (particular) till it comes, only discontented, *conscious of inability*;—after it comes, when once he has felt what truly it is to lay hold of Nature, from that moment he is a new man. He goes about seeking ever (and ever finding more or less) a repetition of that sensation, and counting for nothing all things—however beautiful, ingenious, true, provable, useful

—all things which do not give him that. He has touched Nature, and knows when he touches her again. But also he may fall, is fallen, as soon as he consents to accept any evidence but that. He has no gift of knowing which can supply its place; his only faculty is that of knowing that he does not know. Yes! it is that throws down the barrier we raise between ourselves and Nature, and renders it possible for her to make herself visible to us."

It will appear from these extracts that the first condition of true seeing is that the Self be subdued: it is self-action that hinders the divine action; it is the preconceived ideas, the unrestrained volition, that clog and impede the organ of vision.

This is especially the case when the insight is of moral truth, and that which has to be given up is an ideal of right that has hitherto claimed and enforced the deepest reverence. It is of this "giving up" that the following letter[1] treats:—

"14/10/70.

"You know that is the terrible work I have had to do this year; to see afresh the whole thought of right and wrong, to see that not restraint, but the condition in which restraint is no more called for, is the only true good. I call it a terrible task, and indeed the word is far too light to express it. My soul shuddered with an instinctive horror before it, and now I look back upon it as a man looks back upon a torture too painful to be remembered. Don't you see that Genius gives up its best? Think, is it not plain that it alone is capable of this: that its power to do it is exactly what makes it Genius; that is, its power to do it *holding on to it at the same time?* For all true giving up has holding on in it.

"Do you not see what Genius does is exactly to attain

[1] A part of this letter is given in the Life.

a better than any *best* before, its own of course included? How can a *better* be attained but by, and in the giving up of, every other? All men do and must do this; but the difference is that other men only can or do give up their best for a better which they see before them, which, in truth, Genius has shown them. Genius gives up its best for a better, yet unknown, unseen, unproved better—it has to give up, making no conditions, to go out from its father's house with no appearance of a better land, unstipulating that it shall not be an outcast for ever, having only the assurance that what Nature says is better, must be, than any conviction, any devotion of its own, and willing, if it be not, to take what she has to give. It takes Nature for better or worse, and makes no bargain that it shall not be for worse. That I suppose is why Nature never deceives it; but indeed she cannot, for that would be to betray herself. But we were saying, Genius is exactly the attaining a better than any previous best—and of course than its own—which is but the other side of giving up its best. Now that's pain, pain always, and to every one, pain to Genius just like the rest: then what makes it Genius is that it can find rapture in this pain.

"Pull out your best and hold it clear before you. Now, then, suppose Nature wrestles with you and seems to force it from your hands, will you let it go? Will you say, 'but if I let it go "that" shan't come?' will you say, 'but give me assurance it is not utter ruin and final loss; give me assurance that I am not wicked in letting go; that I am not violating a sacred trust.' Will you say any of these things?

"If you will, you are too good to be Genius, and Nature will leave you (for she exercises no force on any one), and will wait until she finds some one so absolutely a slave before her that he is merely dumb and palsied in her presence, whose tightest grasp relaxes at her lightest

word, for whom at her bidding no loss is terrible, no sin appals. Then when his hands are empty she fills them with herself, she bathes the trembling limbs with all her dews, and soothes the shuddering spirit with heavenly dreams. But never are forgotten the awe, the horror of her approach.

"Do you not see how different the giving up is in the world of thought, and in that of morals?—The one is a trembling astonished joy, the other is a blackness as of Hell. The one leaves you palpitating in a bewilderment of delight with such glad news to tell; the other leaves you crushed and wounded, glad with a joy that hardly knows itself from grief, which cannot spare the grief that justifies it to itself, and with a burden on the tongue that it can hardly either utter or conceal. But is it not evident that it must have been so? I see it now, and am willing, and yet I hardly know if I be wholly willing, I can hardly tell: I think I would like to do it and then to cease to be."

The following extracts from the Autobiography will exhibit still more strikingly the inner conditions under which the work of seeing was carried on:—

"This I notice, not one of my thoughts, nor any day of thinking, even when it has been most overpowering with emotion, ever disturbs or in the least impedes my sleep. I go straight to sleep from my pen and never fail. But chess in the evening keeps me awake. . . . Is the reason of this, perhaps, that in chess we do act for ourself—is this what makes the excitement, which the work cannot have, because it is wholly not so? Or does the very weight of the work keep me quiet; is it impossible to be excited under *such* a thing; as one may prove restive under a slight burden, but beneath a mountain simply lies still? But I think it is most this, that in the work there must be absolutely a complete absence of desire, no shadow of

wish, not of preference even; this is not too much to say—there must be no least emotion, or possibility of emotion or desire, or it could not be done: the least breath of wish would spoil it: it is an absolute indifference and contentment that is the condition. If the pulse once throbbed—except with the gladness of the vision—the whole work were spoilt; the desire must be simply for that which *is;* one thing is as welcome as another, failure as success, darkness as vision, evil as good, calamity, ruin, crime, distress, as all delight and sanctity. O God, nothing must be unwelcome which Thou bringest: that is the task, O my God!—the burden, the distress, the fire that burns and will not consume, the strain and toil that never ceases, that is it, the passion that *is* indifference, the longing that *is* content.

"Is it not too much, O my God? Must desire itself be forbidden to desire, even passion abnegate itself—be no more passion, nay, *nothing* be, only Thou! But why on flesh so weak? Why do Thy blessings torture—Thy givings overwhelm? I cannot desire, not even that the things I see surest may be sure, that the good I most long for may be. . . . If I desired even to see, I should not see: darkness would have fallen upon me. It is evident it would be so: one thing would be more welcome to me than another, and the welcome thing, what would it be? That which seemed best to *me,* the wrong thing. How can I desire when all I have ever had of good has been letting go what I desired?"

. . . . . .

"If I were to be painted, should it not be thus: neither with burden, nor with crown, but only on the rack. A vast orb, one little segment of it only seen, partly from its size, partly for clouds, half hiding in darkness a light to which their very existence testified; and this revolving in a storm of motion, and I fettered by my feet

to a rock below; but with my arms outstretched upon the orb above, not clasping it, nor holding by anything, but simply as if the hands were joined by an indissoluble attraction, were grown to it; and every limb, my whole body, strained by the tension out of all human semblance, and in the face only one thing, neither joy nor sorrow, neither desire nor content, only the one resolution, and room for nothing more: "I will not let go." That is Ixion on his wheel—and I too have loved a goddess!"

. . . . . .

"I do so wish to transmit my art, to show what it is, so that any one might do it. And I feel that I can, and yet, every now and then, what a feeling of the impossibility of it comes over me. Because things make me feel that what it is is not a mode of *doing*, which of course might be taught, but of *being*. I do not see how any one can teach, that being absolutely open to everything that Nature brings; that letting go of everything and of nothing; that suffering the loss of all things which yet is the possessing of all things; that turning away from nothing—yet yielding to nothing; that accepting pain, and yet pursuing pleasure: that utter passiveness which is the most strained and intense activity. I cannot find any words to say it even; how should I teach it? But yet surely men may grow into it, grow into much more than I could teach them."

It will be inferred from the tone of these extracts that the seeing of which they speak was not simply that of facts of an intellectual order, but of truth affecting the heart and determining the life. The expression of suffering rising to anguish, of intense reluctance latent in the quiescence of the will, lead one to surmise that the new truth forced upon his inner vision was of a kind to loosen him from safe moorings in old convictions and

launch him upon a trackless and troubled ocean. What this particular mental crisis was may be partly understood by turning to an Essay in this volume, "The Law-breaker."[1] It is evidently to this that the following refers:—

"O my friends who shall come after me, I appeal to you. Be just to me, for I am so poor and weak, and I cannot bear the things that I myself do. Did I wish to break law? To every letter I have written I appeal. Did I not rather wish to obey law to the uttermost? Is it a crime not to be blind? But it bears the fruit of crime, and we must stand by powerless and see them. But I did not wish it. See, my friends, here is the proof of it. Five whole years the Being who rules my life had to lay me aside from seeing; five whole years[2] He said to me, 'Put all those things away; give not one thought to them, forget them all.' He had to do this before He could teach me to see this. He knows if I wished it.

[1] For a further explanation the reader is referred to the volume recently edited by Mrs. Hinton under the same title. It is now probably no secret that during the latter years of his life the conviction had been gradually forced upon Hinton's mind that to preserve or restore the true spiritual purity of marriage, a change in the external order had become necessary. To no man living was the perception of this necessity more unwelcome, more repugnant. And, although with it had come a new hope, intensified into certain assurance of the extinction of that horror which blights all our western civilisation, the pain and distress went on, hardly neutralised by the hope, until life itself succumbed under the double strain. The breaking of law never indeed became for him an even proximately practical question; but he was not one of those who, sitting at ease, can plan revolutions to be carried out at the risk and loss of others. Death came mercifully to absolve him from the duty of acting, or he might have endured social martyrdom for his opinions. It would be premature either to impugn or to condemn those opinions, since they have never been definitely stated to the public; but the glimpse I have tried to give of his inner life would be unintelligible without some clue to the mental suffering so vividly depicted in his writings.

[2] See "Life and Letters," chap. x.

. . . . . .

"If people knew what it is to come into contact with the false law, to have to feel its very right as wrongs, to have to feel (and even to *say* sometimes), 'No, it is not *that* wants doing which seems so good and right, which every one else does, which every one expects—but something else which seems so cruel and brutal and wrong.' If people knew what it was—the strain upon the heart always—always the strain, and the spasms of passion which create and maintain it—if they knew the wrench, the violence, the regrets, the remorse, the doubt, the impotence, the anger, the being ashamed of anger, the sense of holding nothing, of treading an untrodden path, or rather no path at all, but being whirled into space, carried by powers you know not, and whether you know not, save that it is against all that you have most desired—if they knew all this, and the helplessness, the consciousness, that you, a worse man, cry out against the goodness of your betters, and are compelled, and cannot be silent; the longing almost even for the sensation of a crime to still the unrest, like a heart that is hungry for a bullet—if they knew these things, they would pity those on whom they are laid."

It may appear, perhaps, that these extracts display rather the general character of Genius than the special function of *seeing*, and what he says of that will probably be recognised as true by those whose experience lies in other fields. "Seeing" may indeed be well taken as a type of all, for it exhibits that quality of receptivity, of a passivity in which the highest activity is latent, which is a distinguishing mark of Genius. Hinton was speaking from personal experience when he maintained so frequently and so strongly that the works of Genius are wrought not so much *by* a man as *through* him, and are not any proofs of

his possessing special skill or greatness of his own. If there was one subject in the world that he knew thoroughly, it was the mental physiology of Genius. He was here at once the seer and the object of sight, a dangerous combination, and if he did not wholly escape the risks that must ever beset the man who makes his own nature, physical or moral, the object of contemplation, he was to a marvellous degree uninjured by them.

His abiding conviction that he was the organ of a Higher Power may explain what staggered some outside observers, an alternation in his utterances of arrogant dogmatism with profound humility. Now he delivers his *ipse dixit* as if it were the very voice of Nature, and then again he is the weakest of created things, "a reed shaken by the wind"—"a wave, a leaf, a cloud." Inflexible to all human authority, and deaf to the most cogent and persuasive reasoning, blind to facts most obvious to others, he was all eye, ear, and obedience to the slightest indication of Nature, his Muse, Mother, Friend. "There, O Nature!" he concludes a letter, after he has been tracking out some subtle working of the moral end in human life, "have I not discovered your hidden purpose, have I not felt your love and seen it, guessed your riddle, opened these little eyes with a child's wonder on your wisdom? I kiss your hand, darling Mother; let me sleep, soon sleep upon your lap."

This power of Genius to receive and reveal Nature he recognised in other departments, especially in painting and music, as readily as in his own art of thinking. In the "Law of Development" I have indicated what features they were which for him stamped a picture with this unmistakable mark.

In music his instinct was even more keen to distinguish the work of Genius from that of even the highest talent, but

—perhaps because he felt it more intensely—it was more difficult for him to explain wherein the difference lay. I confess it quite baffled me. I often accompanied him to concerts, and wondered to see him listen with cold admiration to the most exquisite compositions, whilst he would be carried away with overwhelming emotion by music, the merit of which I could not discern to be wholly of a different order from the other. He would detect the difference between Talent and Genius music of the same composer—at various periods—the "nutritive" and the "functional" as he would call them. I particularly remember one occasion when Mozart's "Clarionette Quintette" was played at the Monday Popular Concert. During the adagio he sat with his head buried in his hands. On raising it at the close, he was haggard and pale as if a tempest of passion had swept over him; his whole frame quivered, and he exclaimed hoarsely, "Carrie, that man might kill me if he would, I could not resist him. That is the very touch of Nature. He has not breathed on the music himself any more than I have on my thoughts."

He felt too that when these inspired men were left to themselves they were not great. Even Mozart sometimes, when bereft of his genius, flounders in utterly childish inanity. Hinton was not exempt from these alternations and intervals of barrenness. No one knew so well how to sympathise with the artist in his unproductive periods. Having himself the key to the nature of Genius, he could endure in patience and hope; but he had an infinite pity for those bewildered sons of Genius in whom the divine gift is begirt with an environment of more than ordinary frailty, and it was one of his sweetest hopes that by his study of this little explored portion of the great human life he might lighten for some

of them in the future the burdens which are the penalty of their gifts. For himself, when the vision tarried, he could "wait for it," he never attempted to supplement by inventions of his own intellect what must be *given* to him. This is very evident to all who read his MSS., from the tentative and interrogatory style in which his thoughts were expressed. "Is there not a light here?" "Shall I not come to see that?" &c. It is as if we were allowed to stand beside him and watch upon his face the reflection of that glad dawn of day which he describes in the extract quoted above.

To return to our subject:—There are two aspects of the work of the Seer, both equally characteristic and mutually interdependent: Insight and Foresight. Their connection will be obvious when we consider that to dive beneath the appearance of a thing and penetrate to the essential law of its being is to come upon that which is independent of time, which is eternally true, and will be manifest in the future equally with the present.

> "All that *is* at all
> Lasts ever past recall."

The true prophet will not indeed hazard any minute prediction as to the form in which these laws will be fulfilled, but an awful certainty possesses his soul that they do and must vindicate themselves, that Nature will tolerate no evasions, that her inevitable compensations will be exacted, and that no lapse of time impairs her memory or turns a lie into the truth. It is his strenuous and life-long reiteration of these truths that has earned for Carlyle a place beside those deeply-inspired Hebrew prophets who foretold the downfall of kingdoms, seeing in their moral decay the precursors of their material ruin. In Carlyle it was most evident that this foresight was but

a corollary of the insight which from the first had made him a revealer of the spiritual nature of the universe.

All material objects in their order and succession—the bodies and the minds of men, and the events of their history—were to him but the veil woven by the Time-Spirit, transparent to "the Eternities" behind and beneath it. It was in this ever-present and overpowering consciousness of the spiritual reality underlying all material phenomena, that Carlyle and Hinton resembled each other. Though no two men could be more unlike in individual temperament and character, this prophetic faculty so distinguishes both that the similarity predominates over the contrast. To both, too, the ethical element in human life was all-important. Both had the same repulsion to a mere Utilitarian or Hedonistic view of the purpose and process of life; to each the Present was the awful moment fraught with momentous issues.

Yet even in their insight they were very different; Hinton surpassing Carlyle as much in the depth and clearness of his spiritual vision, as he was inferior to him in his individualising faculty, and that firm grasp of men and things which gave Carlyle his power as historian and dramatist. Carlyle did not "see with the eyes shut" as well as Hinton, but he saw much better than he with them open.

This was particularly the case with regard to men and their doings. Carlyle had the most marvellous power to discern and delineate the distinctive features of the character as it revealed itself in the gestures, speech, actions, and even in the dress. No writer has given us such a gallery of living portraits as he. Of this power Hinton had not the smallest fraction. His Autobiography and Letters are singularly devoid of that interest which is often imparted to such writings by notices of the remark-

able people with whom the writer came in contact. He would indeed often quote a remark that had given an important turn to his thoughts, but the speaker is only indicated by initials. I cannot remember ever hearing him describe a character or make more than a passing allusion to any distinctive features of appearance, gesture, dress. On the other hand, his genius was displayed just where Carlyle's was deficient, *i.e.* in his insight into that common humanity which underlies all personalities; in his perception of those great spiritual currents which sweep along the individuals and make their wills, their endeavours, their actions, of no more account than the wavelet to the tide. His knowledge of human nature was related to Carlyle's knowledge of men somewhat as the facts of the physicist are to those of the botanist or the zoologist, giving the general conditions which form a basis for the study of each special class of objects. And as it is the deeper and more essential qualities which we share with all our fellows, and the comparatively superficial and accidental ones by which we are differentiated, it may well be that Hinton's very defect of the individualising faculty helped him to penetrate the profound secrets of "the human heart by which we live."

Many of the salient features which strike a keen-eyed observer of men, and which give the graphic touch to a delineation, are due merely to the moulding of character by external circumstances; they are habits acquired or manners assumed to suit the demands of society, or they are mere affectations of vanity or fashion: they are not the man—still less are they the *woman*. And Hinton who had only eyes and ears for Nature, however she might be hidden or disguised, took small heed of them. At the same time his belief in the simple human elements lying ignored beneath this artificial exterior gave him a wonder-

ful sympathetic power. His touch was emancipating. In his presence the falser self slipped aside like a robe, and soul confronted soul, naked and unashamed. An involuntary spell unclosed lips that had been for long years locked upon their secret. Confessions that no priest had ever drawn forth were poured unbidden into the ears of that strange surgeon whose eyes never seemed to be arrested by the outer form, but to burn straight down into the heart. Here again his gift was for seeing the invisible. This was partly no doubt due to his sympathetic nature, but it was also largely increased by his scientific training, as will be evident to any one who reads his admirable Essay on "Seeing with the Eyes Shut."

The great lesson of Science was to him to regard *latent* elements. He constantly saw things as complex which to others appeared simple. Just as the physicist sees in the stillness and calm of Nature, mighty opposing forces locked in a strenuous embrace—so in the human world Hinton saw always what "might have been" if some other cause had not been present. He accounted for all the motive forces that were neutralised by other opposing ones. And those parts of Nature interested him most which demanded most delicate analysis. This may perhaps account for that strange peculiarity which he said was fundamental in him—the instinctive putting of woman above man in the scale of beings. He always said that woman was a more complex creature, contained more of nicely-balanced elements, presented more paradoxes, and that this was why it had taken longer to come to any right understanding of her. This is in striking contrast to the common masculine idea of women as exhaustively characterised by a few coarse generalisations.

But after all, the most distinctive feature about Hinton's seeing is that it was "altruistic." He always saw one

thing in and through another. When his view of any process in one department of Nature was blocked up, he would turn to some other field apparently most remote and disconnected—but nothing is disconnected—and there would find, by some inexplicable instinct, the key to the obscure phenomena.

His scientific training, especially in physiology, had given him conceptions by the aid of which he saw and interpreted certain processes in the moral world. He has his eye fixed on the dynamics of human action: he sees a tension produced, and force stored up, not only in an individual, but in a society, an age, a race. The inevitable growth goes on—a rigid structure forbids expansion, and internal development takes the place of external increase. When the limit of this internal development is reached a crisis occurs, the barrier is thrown down, the liberated force makes a new channel for itself.

This crisis takes place through an individual—the man of Genius—whose one characteristic is that he cannot resist Nature. Through him she works. In his weakness is her strength revealed.

These are the epoch-making men. From their insight, their work, date new periods of development. Upon them, in after ages, are all eyes turned; legends gather round them; they take their places among the constellations—and when a millennium has passed the learned dispute whether those figures that loom gigantic through the mist are not the personification of the powers of Nature—whether the tale is of the deeds of a hero or is a solar myth! Here, again, we come upon a striking difference between Carlyle and Hinton. Carlyle treats these great men as the important factors in history, and pours forth the vials of his scorn upon those who say that the age makes the man. Doubtless he was right as against those who would

depreciate the significance of the great man on this account. To Hinton also the man of genius (whom he does not, however, call the "hero" or the "great" man) is the all-important figure; but it is rather on his works than on the man himself that he fixes his attention, and this work is determined by the point of development at which the age is arrived: the "nutrition" is complete, the function must take place; otherwise the body is no body, but a disorganised mass. It is evident that Hinton had his eye upon the whole, and the relation to that whole borne by the part or organ. To Carlyle the man (for the time being) is the whole. Carlyle, too, made much more of the individual will than did Hinton; he treated it often as a cause behind which one could not go; whereas Hinton sees forces at work that "deflected" a man's actions and made them quite other than the actors intended. The hand that stretched the bow and launched the arrow was grasped by a mightier Hand behind it. An awful purpose winged the shaft, and its aim was never missed.

For the ordinary purposes of knowledge and of skill in dealing with men, the method of Carlyle will seem to yield the truer and more practical results, but neither view can afford to dispense with the other. There will always be in these men of genius instincts utterly out of proportion to their own individual lives, which will quite baffle our comprehension unless we look at them as given to effect a function for the whole body.

The wayward caprices, the unreasonableness and perversities of genius, are a fruitful theme for moralists: they are often the *enfans perdus* of society. Only one of themselves can tell how they suffer from the temperament which is the condition of their power. Nature is very cruel to them. She uses them, and then flings them aside bruised and bleeding. They knew not why they do these

unreasonable things; what the impulse means which feels like a crime, and yet is imperative as a duty. They are a puzzle to themselves as to their friends—at once glad and sorry, humbled and triumphant, burdened with guilt, and full of innocent hardihood: now hard as adamant, now yielding to a breath: their whole being is a paradox. We love them, pity them,—at last adore them, but *never* understand. How should we as long as we look at *them*, as if they were complete in themselves—they exist but for others; they are sacrificed, and therein they reveal to us the open secret of our Humanity. They are Man writ small for us, to read in them the larger Life.

Therefore he who has explored the phenomena of Genius has a key to human history, and he who has a deep insight into the development of the race recognises its epitome in genius. This was Hinton's vision, and it explains some other characteristics of his in which he differed notably from Carlyle. First it accounts for his much greater hopefulness. The gloom which went on ever deepening during the latter years of Carlyle's life must, of course, be attributed, in great measure, to purely subjective causes. It would be unfair to charge upon a theory, or the want of a theory, that melancholy outlook upon the world that is due to the dimness of the windows through which the soul stands to gaze. But making all allowances for dyspepsia and a lonely hearth in the one case, and a healthy constitution and perfect domestic sympathy in the other, there will remain the fact that Hinton had a vision of human life which sustained him under pain, at least as intense as any that Carlyle ever endured.

For never was heart so wrung with anguish, both for the general and the individual suffering, as his. A sympathetic insight that seemed almost miraculous, drew from many a laden soul confidences never said before

into mortal ear, and in each of them he saw not merely the speaker, but a type multiplied in a hundred thousand instances. His estimate of the present condition of society was peculiarly sombre, not being relieved by the illusions which usually affect a beholder placed on a vantage ground such as his. He was like the Hebrew prophet who, in the midst of a splendid court and prosperous state, where religion was honoured, and the decorum of life maintained, saw nothing but "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores." He bore about with him, in a London drawing-room, the burning and indignant heart of the author of "Piers the Ploughman." He had not, moreover, the poor consolation which most people feel in turning away from the low brutality and vice of the debased masses, to rest with satisfaction on the homes of refined and cultured virtue. He knew what that fair outside covered, and he loathed it worse than the hideousness of Seven Dials. A wealth that fed on poverty, a virtue that was buttressed by vice, a God that was worshipped with human sacrifices, a law that created crime, these were the things his soul saw beneath the fair surface of society, and they kindled within him a burning passion, a divine consuming wrath. And yet it was on the eyes for ever gazing, appalled, at these foul dark things, that arose the glorious vision of the future of human life. It was not a vague speculation, not a brief poetic rapture: it was a *sight*, and that not of the appearance that mocks and deceives, but of the fact itself. There—in these very evils—were the forces at work that must bring about the consummation. Time shrivelled up like a scroll as he gazed: what was Time to spiritual forces? Generations must pass first—yes—but what was a generation to the life of man—what is one summer to the millennial oak? He would clap his hands with delight as he uttered

"pleasures for evermore," a favourite refrain. For what he had seen was *Nature restored.* Is there indeed anything else than Nature that can make man glad? When some hint is caught of the rhythm of the stars, or the secret affinities of the atom, or the hidden birth of the river, the scientist and the explorer rejoice; and what is the artist's joy but a discovery and representation of Nature? And in this highest sphere known to us, the social life of man, from which Nature had been banished so long by false laws that "refuse and restrain" that every innocent pulsation of delight had been suspected and hounded as crime; what vision can be so glorious as that of Nature restored; the impulse set free with the conditions fulfilled; the union of Law and Liberty? This it was he saw. Full in his eye shone the golden light of a marriage morning, "the bridal of the earth and sky"—that new Heaven and new Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Perhaps it was not strange—it was rather inevitable—that the same eyes should behold the horror of the present and the glory of the future; it was by the light of the one that the other was revealed; the strength to endure came by the vision. He had realised the immense hoard of materials for joy lying unused in our poor poverty-stricken lives; men and women seemed to him like misers starving in a garret with their heads pillowed on sacks of uncounted gold. Oh the pity of it! the pity of it! It was as if he were awake, and all men beside were dreaming evil dreams—they were walking in a vain show, disquieted in vain. He longed to wake them out of this terror-haunted sleep, to bid them shake off their nightmare and open their eyes to the sweet morning light, and feel beneath them the homely, familiar earth—to say to them: There is nothing to be afraid of; you have been afraid of

Nature, of your own heart, of each other: there are no such terrors as you have feigned. He did say this, but not to the throng in the street—it was written in his Letters, and in his Autobiography; it was spoken in the ear in closets—it has yet to be proclaimed from the housetops.

"Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood,
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee."

A FEW NOTES ON HINTON'S THEOLOGY.

NOTHING has given greater embarrassment to Hinton's critics than to determine his place in reference to Christian theology. Those outside the religious world are puzzled and often repelled by his Bible phraseology and his apparent acceptance of the fundamental Christian ideas: those inside are equally scandalised by his strange applications of Scripture and by his free handling of orthodox doctrines. No recognised sect, either of theologians or of philosophers, can claim him as an adherent. Like all men of great originality and entire truthfulness he was utterly indifferent to a reputation for consistency in these as in other respects. His genius was primarily constructive—not destructive: he was a man of affirmations not of negations (however in practice the two are mutually involved, the new life ever acting as a solvent upon the old). Therefore believers of all shades found their affinities in him. Roman Catholics, High Anglicans, Evangelicals, Unitarians, Jews, Positivists, Pantheists were numbered amongst his admirers. In a letter to me he mentions incidentally in the same sentence, interesting conversations with Cardinal Newman and Mr. Bradlaugh, both of whom he would approach equally without prepossessions, and anxious to get at the particular truth which each was set to defend. (One would like to hear their impressions of him!) He seemed to have a double function, that of rationalising the emotional and emotionalising the rational:

to reconcile the claims of Heart and Intellect, of Religion and Science. But this he did without the slightest attempt at compromise, giving the most full and unqualified expression to the truth he meant to emphasise, and careless of paradox, enunciating in a breath some other truth that appeared to his hearers to contradict it. It may be imagined therefore that he excited violent hostility on all sides, at the same time that his sympathisers were drawn from most opposite quarters. Added to this recklessness of paradox he had a habit of taking for granted the results of certain finished processes of thought, and forgetting that his auditors had not passed over the same ground, and required therefore explicit statement of much that was implicit in his conclusions. "Why do you say 'but,'" he would remonstrate, "as if what you urge were in any way opposed to me? It is all involved in what I affirm."

This often gave him an appearance of onesidedness and laid him open to misconstruction in speaking, but it does not so seriously affect his printed writings as a whole, since one can supplement one part by another.

The question is often asked: What did Hinton believe about the current theological dogmas, such as the divinity of Christ, miracles, the nature and destiny of man, future punishment, &c. &c.? How was it that he expressed himself such a warm admirer of the older theology as contrasted, *e.g.*, with the modern developments, whilst at the same time he himself excited a holy horror in many of the orthodox, and was on the most friendly terms with those of the more liberal school with whom he came in contact?

The explanation must be sought in the fundamental philosophical doctrine which underlay all his theology. For, as he was wont to say, theology is the allegorical presentation of philosophy (see "Life and Letters," p. 326). Now this fundamental doctrine is that there is a defect, a

negation in man, whereby the active spiritual existence becomes to him passive and material; and that this condition is what the Bible calls his "death."

That man is dead is the postulate on which the Christian revelation rests, for Christ came to reveal life and immortality, and to show in His own person the Way to Life through utter self-sacrifice. "Die to Live" is the core of Christian truth. Man's death expresses itself in his sin: he is passive, passion-led where he should be active, passion-controlling; he is tormented with the desire of getting; to fill the void in the aching self. To be made alive is to love, to cease from desiring to get; it is the upspringing of a ceaseless fountain within the heart. With this view of man as defective, and of his consciousness as illusory, went naturally the belief that the Being he perceives as Nature is spiritual—that is active which to him seems passive;—the inertia he is forced to think of as outside is really within. These two facts, the spirituality of Nature and the deadness of Man, were correlative. Religion, Science, and Philosophy met in these affirmations.

The divineness of the Bible was manifest to Hinton in that it was pervaded by this conception: in its pages the spiritual is the true, the active principle, and man is plainly told that life is wanting to him. But it was not directly from the Bible that Hinton derived this view. The vision of the spirituality of Nature came upon him whilst engaged in purely scientific investigations and dazzled him as with the splendour of the Burning Bush. It was, he wrote to me, as if he heard a voice, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is Holy Ground."

Going back to the Bible with this thought in possession of his mind, a new meaning flashed back into the familiar language, and he felt that no words could so exactly fit

his ideas as those of Scripture. He quoted them, not so much as giving authoritative sanction to his beliefs—these shone by their own light—but rather as a man who knows his Shakespeare by heart will instinctively, on coming upon some new fact of inner experience, utter it in the words in which it has been indelibly stamped by the illuminating ray of the poet's genius. Hinton did not try to make his thoughts conform to the Bible, but found himself, with a glad surprise, thinking ever more and more according to it; and as to difficulties, he made no more account of them than he did of unexplained phenomena in Nature. For he had no *à priori* "Theory of Inspiration," into which everything had to be made to fit, and it is such theories that create the greater part of the difficulties of Scripture. Inspiration was to him a fact of experience, at least as certain as respiration and as independent of any theory.

The distinction always present to his mind between "phenomenal" and "actual" or spiritual, gave the form to all doctrines, *e.g.*, the Divinity of Christ; Jesus was all of God that men could see, *i.e.*, the Phenomenon. The notion of a physical divinity was of course a simple contradiction in terms, since the "physical" is but the way in which the non-perception of the spiritual is expressed. Hinton often said of himself that he was a Christian, but not otherwise a Theist. There was to him no personal God but the Man: in other words, since the intellect cannot represent God otherwise than as a "Self," he is necessarily revealed as a Self-sacrificer: there is no Self-God but this. (See Appendix, Letter II.)

It will be seen that Hinton's theology was founded upon a Transcendental philosophy. He agreed with the Positivists in saying that the Intellect can deal only with phenomena, not with being; or in other words that that

which we can think cannot *be:* but he went beyond the Positivists in affirming a power in man to transcend this phenomenal knowledge, and here he is one with the simple Christian who "*knows* the Father." This may account for his preference for the old theology as against the more refined modern school, which seemed to him to whittle away the genuine utterances of the religious consciousness in man, which embody and ought to embody his *ignorance* as well as the truth partially revealed.

Just as the senses are of use to the intellect only in so far as they faithfully report their impressions, unwarped by any suspicion of being deceived, and as the intellect has to judge and classify phenomena according to its own laws without interference from the moral faculty, so will the religions of man express his own death as well as the life that streams upon him from afar. "Those dreadful doctrines," Hinton used to say, "are all right and beautiful in their place, but they want interpreting; they express not God but Man; they show what man saw and was obliged to see, being what he was. In the flames of his invented hell read his witness against himself, that he feels pain to be worse than sin, that he is in bondage to the physical. A man who pursues self-gratification in this world is perfectly right in dreading a sensational hell. It would be no improvement to remove the falsehood from his idea of the future, leaving the lie in the present. That would be as if, ignoring the earth's motion, you were to deny the motion of the Sun. In fact, the popular orthodoxy is just the parallel of the supposed celestial movements: either hypothesis is true as recording observations, and must not be put aside until the discovery of the fact which explains the phenomenon makes it unnecessary."

Hinton always felt the logical weakness of those refinements of modern theology which explain away the repul-

sive articles in the popular creed, without laying anew the foundations from which they had inevitably arisen. He had no sympathy for that unreasonable denunciation of the harsh beliefs of the past, which regard them as having been imposed by a tyrannous external authority on the human spirit. It is profoundly unphilosophical to suppose that any creed gets itself believed in the first instance by any other power than its own adaptation to the needs of its votaries; the only way to destroy it is to make it unnecessary by satisfying in another and a truer way the want that created it.

Again, Hinton's doctrine of a false consciousness in man enabled him to treat the vexed question of Free Will in a bold and comprehensive way, answering to the phenomena of experience, and satisfying also the deep demand of the spirit for something in the universe that shall not be subject to the caprice of man, a demand well expressed in the words, "Yea, let God be true, and every man a liar." True freedom is one with Necessity or Rightness, and can be predicated only of God, and of man when entirely pervaded and governed by the Divine Spirit. It is exhibited in reference to particular departments of life in Genius, which appears to act with absolute freedom and unerring rightness as far as its range extends. For the whole moral life to be what Genius is in parts is to be led by the Spirit of God. "Our wills," says Tennyson, "are ours to make them Thine." But free will is the negative of this true Freedom, it is the illusory consciousness of liberty arising from the absence of Necessity or Rightness. It is no moral prerogative to be able to do wrong, just as it would be no mark of intellectual superiority to be able to think that $2+2=5$, but a simple paralysis of the mental powers. How exactly this view is borne out by the apostle's words, "He *cannot* sin because he is born of God." It is through

Man's defect of being that he mistakes arbitrariness for freedom, and transferring his own idea of greatness to God, makes of him a "Sovereign Ruler of the Skies," and imagines Him to thunder when He pleases. "Caliban upon Setebos" exhibits the ordinary process by which God is conceived, unless the primary fact of the illusory consciousness of freedom on the part of the creature is recognised. Without waiting, however, for philosophers to construct a consistent theory of consciousness, Christian experience has solved the problem of entering into freedom by the surrender of self-will.

> "In the service that Thy love appoints,
> There are no bonds for me.
> My inmost heart is taught the truth,
> Which makes thy children free.
> A life of self-renouncing love
> Is a life of liberty."

As has been said, Hinton's odd applications of Scripture were the despair of his theological friends. He seemed to be utterly careless of the context and the obvious original meaning of the passage. The light cast upon Scripture by philological criticism and historical and geographical research excited little interest in him. The only key for him was the reproduction in himself of an inward experience similar to that which prompted the "holy men of old who were moved by the Holy Ghost." Not that he despised the work of learned exegesists. There were those doubtless whose business it was to do this, just as there are commentators on Shakespeare, who employ great erudition and ingenuity in restoring the text and suggesting emendations; but no amount of information about early editions, no acute critical skill avails in the least to set the reader's soul side by side with the poet's, or to make him see what Shakespeare

saw. But if Hinton did not for himself value Biblical criticism, it was not that he in the least feared that any loss could accrue from the freest handling of the Sacred Books. He had too much love and reverence for the Bible to be apprehensive that any disencumbering it from false science, grotesque legend, and mistaken comment could impair its value as a revelation of the spiritual realities.

But as for Hinton's peculiar interpretations of quoted passages (notably in "The Lawbreaker"), I cannot defend them. I often ventured to attack him for them, and was not satisfied with his answers. All I can say is that it will probably happen to many a student of his writings, as it has to me, that after violently condemning him for misapplying Scripture, they will find that again and again a flood of light has been poured upon the most familiar passage, and new meanings dawn upon old words where a definite cut-and-dried theological dogma had only been seen before. It seems as if one had been led behind the speaker or writer, and felt what he felt on first uttering the words. Perhaps when this effect has been produced, the "misquotations" may be alike explained and justified, or at least forgiven.

But perhaps it will be easier to convince the orthodox Christian that Hinton is one with him in all the essentials of his faith than to reconcile the philosophic and scientific reader to the use of the technical theological phrases, which have a sound of unreality imported into reasonings which are perfectly consistent without them, and which seem to rest upon quite other than a theological basis. Here of course allowance must be made for his having lived from childhood in an atmosphere charged with the currents of religious thought. His earliest metaphysical speculations therefore naturally clothed themselves

in the forms of theological dogma, and when, later in life, he received the "revelations" which by their intense vividness threw all his past life into the shade, the new inspiration still flowed through the old channels. He was surprised to find how much more those familiar phrases meant than he and others had meant by them.

Often, too, he adopted the mode of speech current in the religious world, without endorsing the special form of opinion it conveyed to most minds, because he saw that some essential principle had become so interwoven by association with that particular form, that to repudiate the latter would be to risk losing the former. To take an instance: The frequent use of the technical expression, the "Fall," in his earlier writings, has puzzled and scandalised some readers. It sounds as if he were fundamentally opposed to the idea of Evolution. Is man's life a progress towards perfection, or a falling away from it? The answer to this question marks out in broad distinction two opposed schools. It is here that modern thought has diverged most emphatically from the old theological lines. Science especially appears irreconcilably opposed to the notion of a degeneracy in man from a high original type, and it is strange that a writer, who exhibits in every page the habits of a scientific training, should seem to adopt without repugnance a mode of expression conveying ideas certainly not his own. Again we must be reminded of his own words, "Theology is truth in the form of fiction." The necessary truth here is, that man does not possess his true life, *i.e.*, his consciousness does not correspond with fact. This truth is given in the form of a supposed transaction, by which man lost his life, and in consequence of which the condition of men has been ever since, that sin and misery which history records. If pressed more closely as to what he meant by the Fall, Hinton would have

said, It was not of course any individual man that *fell* but Man, and that the Fall was only part of a process which includes a rising. The story in Genesis describes the event in terms drawn from the experience of an individual who passes out of the Eden of innocent childhood to the self-conscious strife of mature life. Who, or what the being was that fell, we can have no means of knowing, so as to put it in a dogmatic statement.

Hinton has a great deal of interesting speculation on this subject[1] (humanity as the Not-God). For ordinary minds, however, it is enough to take up the story after the catastrophe, where man is such as we know him, stamped with so many marks that look like ruined greatness, that we may well understand how the word "Fall" has been adopted as the symbol of an unknown cause. The history of the world is the working out of the Redemption of Man from Death or not-Being, and the ancient myth embodies this conception in a form of exquisite beauty and dignity. At all events an age like ours, that cannot create a myth, is not competent to criticise it.

The fact that the literature of almost all races contains some haunting tradition of a golden age is a sufficient answer to those evolutionists who will see nothing more in the past, than the steps which lead us back to the ascidian. Hinton was in the main an evolutionist, but he did not think that the last word had been said on that subject; certainly he would not make his speculations on the *being* of man depend on the succession of phenomena. Here again we must explain his theology by his metaphysic. "Nothing was changed," he says, "by the 'Fall' but man's perception: all that was is still, but man, seeing no longer the spiritual, felt himself to be in a 'material world.' The physical is but our mode of perceiving the actual." The

[1] See Appendix, Letter II.

symbolism of the book of Genesis will be found to be wonderfully in harmony with this view: going to it with this key, he saw beauty in it which he had never seen before.

The theory of Evolution did not seem to him to account for the deep realities of the moral consciousness, especially for that sense of sin, which is found in various forms amongst nearly all varieties of the human race, and that too, under circumstances which forbid it being explained as an inherited instinct engendered, in the first instance, by the dread of social vengeance. If all that man needs is, to develop here a new organ, and perfect there an inchoate function, so as to adapt himself to his environment, why this tragedy of life? why these groans of remorse, this self-abasement, this agony of baffled aspiration? No, there is something more here; we shall not find in the physical the secret of the moral, though when we know the secret of the spirit's life, we may see its inverted image in the physical. A few extracts from his MS. will make this point clearer than any words of mine:—

"Clearly after the Fall, Adam and Eve perceived that they had physical bodies, they existed then in space and time. Yet it is curious that this is called an opening of the eyes, which is rather a drawing a veil between us and the actual. Consider here, the analogy of the veil drawn by the day-light over the stars; it is opening the eyes to see the physical which obscures all beyond."

"It is much better to take the words of Scripture in absolute simplicity if possible. God said, 'In the day thou eatest thou shalt surely die.' Adam ate, did die; he and all his posterity spiritually died. How can the living spring from the dead? only the spiritually dead can be born into a world of 'matter.' Thus the entire process

comes to be just such as when one says to a child: 'If you disobey me you will feel naughty.' That was exactly the threatening, the punishment, in Adam's case. He disobeyed God and felt naughty or was dead: all things were altered to him. The entire difficulty seems to be in our inability in conceiving that that which affects *only* the spiritual, the moral Being, can be worthy of having applied to it words of any deep or important significance, can be worthy of the same words that we apply to the physical. Shame on us! As if it were absurd to speak of a *mere moral* change as death! Alas, in truth that is an infinitely profounder, more absolute death, infinitely more deserving of the name than the death of a thousand bodies!"

But it would prolong these notes indefinitely were I to attempt to give Hinton's version of all the leading doctrines of the Christian Church. I have merely wished to strike a few "keynotes," to indicate the principles of interpretation by which he would retranslate dogmatic theology into those affirmations of the human spirit out of which they originally sprang. I would refer the reader who wishes to pursue this subject further to some chapters in "Philosophy and Religion," especially those headed "The Bible," "The Self and Consciousness," in which he will see such doctrines as "Inspiration," "Future Punishment," "The Trinity," "Immortality," presented in the light cast upon them by the fundamental conceptions I have herein briefly sketched out.

APPENDIX.

"Those fallen leaves that kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead."

APPENDIX.

SELECTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

C. H. TO J. H.

May 1868.

I FEEL that it is true what you say about Positivism leaving the moral nature without objective support. It is just what I felt to be so vague and unsatisfactory in Comte's book. How beautiful that analogy is between the animal functions creating the organs and the work of interpreting Nature "creating" reason and conscience. But I cannot quite see the starting point; how does that "creating" begin?

And why is it that for the *moral* interpretation of the world we needed a *revelation*, and not for the intellectual? For although, as you say, the divergence of our thoughts from God's thoughts does in one way hinder His making a revelation, as we necessarily misunderstand it, still in the sacrifice of Christ He has given us a key to the true nature of Being, and so enlightened our moral faculty and made it capable of judging; how was it then that the intellect could do without such a revelation if the two cases are parallel? Did the morbid condition of man not affect his intellect? I suppose not, *as intellect;* only it made him mistake the phenomenon for the actual, giving a

false substantiality to the realities of intellect on account of his deadness to that which lay behind them.

I like the idea of the *art* training of the Greeks preparing the way for science; and similarly, the development of the intellect by science making possible the moral interpretation. It gives one a confidence in the future—an assurance that what now seems most hostile to moral progress is contributing to it. I don't know how to write to you, so many half-formed questions keep crowding into my mind, and parallels dimly seen. I suppose there was a certain *use* in the "intelligible world" of the ancients; it was a sort of protest of the reason against the tyranny of the senses, and kept the intellect in practice, as it were, against the time when its true function began. So the 'heaven and hell' of theology were a sort of expression of the aggrieved moral sense, and kept it from being quite enslaved by the routine of our disordered life, and from growing reconciled to our evil state. For however an ideal heaven might fall short of a man's true *life*, it is at any rate better than our practice, and we do project into it whatever gleams of real good penetrate our darkness.

But when God's righteousness in the *Actual* is revealed, it "puts our best dreams to shame."

I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Essays on Education." There are most excellent things in it. I sometimes think that I should like to have only a small number of children, say eight, and train them quite from earliest childhood according to my best judgment, independent of conventional modes. I do try to break through routine as much as I can, but the difficulty is, amongst so many, to see that no individual girl is sacrificed to plans that are good for the majority. I have long felt the truth of what Spencer says about the superiority of science to languages, as mental training; but there I find my own deficiencies

—I have the worst eyes in the world, and much as I enjoy general ideas about Science, there is nothing more repugnant to me than going into details which involve minute study and observation; I don't think I could use a microscope to save my life. So I am afraid, if I were to begin now, I should never be able to teach children to *observe* accurately. And then I have absolutely no mechanical ingenuity, I cannot understand how anything is made. It is very disagreeable to know that I lack some of the first requisites of a good teacher. I wish I cared more for "things" instead of ideas, for I can nearly always rouse enthusiasm in the girls for anything I teach, and I would like them to begin to study Nature in earnest.

II.

J. H. to C. H.[1]

May 1868.

You ask me how it is that the intellect did not need a Revelation as well as the conscience. Perhaps you are right in feeling that there is an absence of parallelism here; but it did not appear so to me. What struck me was that the Intellect did by *its* Revelation (Nature) just as the moral sense has done by that given to it in Christ. I took it that the physical world was a "Revelation" to the Intellect—unintelligible until reason itself had been developed in the learning to understand it; and that in this the parallel was perfect to what I was saying about the moral sense and the Bible. It still seems to me all right: adding this, that Nature is also (according to what appears to me) a Revelation to the moral sense; this is my affirmation, as you see. But it comes at a later stage—after the reason has learnt to read it, and after the

[1] Part of this letter is quoted in the "Life."

moral sense has been, to a certain point, *developed by the Scripture.* It may still be held perhaps that the moral sense needed a special revelation—one necessitated by man's defect, and that otherwise Nature would have sufficed. This I have not "worked out" (I should say, if that did not express the positive opposite of the process): this has not revealed itself to me yet. And also, of course, I don't see "how the creating begins." That is exactly a point to be seen. My thoughts always come with the ends cut sheer off (unless, as often, they grow into and complete something that was incomplete before)—and there they remain until they grow again—I being perfectly patient meanwhile, because I know that if I went on the end would be a cutting sheer off just the same, and probably at quite as tantalising a place.

You see how the feeling of the phenomenal as existing was necessarily in the highest degree misleading to the Intellect. Though itself an error not of intellect but of *feeling*—of experience, one might say—yet it imposes inevitable errors upon the Intellect—the greater, in some respects, the more true its operation. It altogether *vitiates* its starting-point. It gives a wrong standard for existence and involves it in a labyrinth of perplexity. This can easily be seen. But some time ago I saw—alike in history and in *necessity*—that this is the course through which thought goes—must go, starting with the feeling of phenomenal as existing, and yet being, as it must be, really related to and springing from the actual.

The first thought ascribes to the phenomenal (*imperfectly*) actual qualities.

The next, based on examination of the phenomenal, and on the more or less complete discovery of its qualities, assigns to existence phenomenal qualities. These two stages must precede the discovery of the nature of

our own experience as feeling the existence of phenomena.

So there is the fetish world—living, active, but utterly mistaken as applied to the physical. Then inert matter and force—taken as the *existence* of the world, &c.

But it is not only in this aspect, as referring to the interpretation of Nature as a whole, that the order applies. I think I saw it in many others. In fact I think it is my Law of Anticipation, Theory, and Interpretation. Do not you recognise it?

I am glad you like my idea about the Art of the Greeks. I want to *know* something about the true significance of those stages of human history, and those various elements of human nature.

You see art *bribed* men to *train* the senses as Utility in our day bribes them to *train* the Intellect. By "*training*" I mean making them work on Nature, and learn to conform to her demands. One can, I think, go on a little further: thus (Greek, and say Italian?) Art, or the training of the senses: Science, or the training of the Intellect—to be succeeded by Philosophy, or the training (in the same sense) of the moral faculties. (I daresay "heart" will be the word.) Well, but then Science had a precedent stage—the mediæval or dark age, in which the Intellect was very active—emphatically so—but was not being trained on Nature. I think I see the use, the significance and necessity, of this period and preparation. And then; was there not a similar period before and preparatory to the *training of the senses?* a time when they were active, immensely active, but not being trained on Nature? but being fitted therefor? This, then, is a clue to the pre-artistic epoch of humanity? and so on. It was the "dark age" relatively to the senses—as I affirm *this* in the "dark age" relatively to the moral senses;

the time when the faculty is sharpened—prepared—but scarcely used.

Now this strikes me as pretty. I have seen a precisely similar relation in human works—you know what I say of mathematics and of poetry. The Greeks *made* mathematics, but did not use it. They made it for pleasure and for the beauty of it. (I've just been going over the 47th proposition with Willy, and really it is beautiful.) But modern Science puts it to *use;* trains it by making it interpret Nature, and you see how it develops it! Is it not *created* in the work? Surely the old mathesis was but a "power to become." Is not the parallel perfect? And then of poetry I say the same; we make it for *pleasure* and think it beautiful, but that is the idea of a child —its destiny is to be *trained*, to be *created*—in its right use of interpreting Nature. That is its function and destiny; our past and present verse is but a prophecy that poetry is to be—a true interpretation of the phenomenal into the actual. Is not that a delicious thought? And is it not wonderful that all these things come and make themselves one? And there is this immense advantage in these various forms of the same fact, viz., that we can study all the others in any one—and each one. (I verily believe this is a fact.) Each one makes visible, reveals some character, or some relation, which is hidden in the rest, so that we may discover what there was in those we cannot directly learn about by seeing what is in those we know. The physical organs, the progress of the human faculties, the history of mathematics, *e.g.*, all will be interpreted by each other, and so things quite undiscoverable will be discovered, being seen in something "other." For knowledge, as I have often said, like Love and Being, is altruistic. And this is how I find out many things, and many of the things I am gladdest to know. I perceive

what is in something which seems quite different, and yet which I have seen to be a parallel—and then I can see it in the other also. That is as much as anything—more perhaps than anything else that I can clearly express—my art of thinking (only—and this is a necessary part of the process, *I don't think*—I don't "go to do it").

I am glad you have those half-formed questions and dim seen parallels. Those are the germinating seeds of knowledge. As for your remarks about our Theology, you know I reverence all that expresses man's aspiration and sense of holiness and sin and desire for good. Though I may speak strongly, almost in an opposite sense, that is really only because I venerate these things so much, and see in them a significance so much beyond themselves. Even the weak and evil side of them has its glory and bears witness to Divinity. Do not I say in "Man and his Dwelling-place," "Let death have reverence?" It is what I feel; but we must recognise the death, or the glory too is wanting. Man's history is sublime and glorious as is the Cross of Christ, and only so; read otherwise, it is as black as Hell, and this too must be said. And yet men are good, wonderfully good, and God loves them. He loves them (this I am sure of) with a passion of delight, to shadow which forth He made the love of woman; and with a tender joy of sympathy which restrains its impatience to deliver only lest it should mar the blessedness and crush the tenderest flower of Paradise ere its brief day be done. For I think Man of all God's creatures is the most blest, dowered in the deepest Sacrifice with the highest Life. He has been privileged to die: there is an awful glory clings about the thought. This word Death, which seemed to me the sum of all horror, has become the sacredest, the holiest of all. In it I approach nearest to the majesty of Him whom no one can

approach and live. I grasp His hand, I feel His tender pity. I am content; He wants me. Yes, though it may seem wrong to say it, I cannot help it, God dies in us, in me. It is His Life that is laid down in this death of Man. And do not you see, here I re-say Hegel. This human experience is what Hegel terms it, but inversely; it is God laying down His life. I have said long ago, our sorrows are *His* as well as ours—His first, and ours only because they are His—and of our death it is true also. This human experience is God giving up His life, God in Man; there is no other thought of creature life but this.

Now I will give you a little thought that came to me after dreaming one night. Have you not noticed how in *dreams* you almost always get into some absurd scrape, and find that something is very much amiss, we cannot exactly tell how? Now as in some other respects so in this, human experience is like a dream, in the feeling of some inexplicable evil. We shall wake up and find that nothing truly is amiss or has been. In this respect we want a light on dreams.

But to come back to what I was saying about Hegel. Does it not seem wonderful that in fact this thought of mine will fit, with a slight change, his very words? I would say, also, this experience of ours is *God becoming conscious of* SELF (not *himself*, just that little difference is all that is wanted). The becoming conscious of self and death are one. And so we see, since the creature's existence is the Creator's in him, this death of man is God becoming conscious of self:—just as Christ gave up His life in becoming physical. And the thought has an universal application. It is the same as the old thought, at least old to me, that creation is by a minus, and must be, to our thought, God *limiting Himself;* and each act of creation—*i.e.* each creature—surely is rightly to be thought

of as some particular form of *limitation* accepted by the Creator. In man He accepts this form of limitation—of becoming conscious of self, that is, of giving up *life*. But in every creature is not the fact essentially the same? And every creature's privilege is precisely this, of giving that which God gives up in Him. And each creature's consciousness or experience, is of that negative or limit which God accepts in him, this negative consciousness being perhaps, as in Man's case, a transient condition only preparatory to a full reunion.

I think you see what I mean; though the thought is too fresh and unformed to be rightly said, still it is the same as that which I have felt before; and creation might, thus seen, become more of a fact to us, and be better apprehended, and our feeling of our own relation to God also might become more just and helpful. It might be said, How can there be other forms of giving up beside the giving up of *Life*—does not that include all? but I don't think this has any weight.

Do you know I think I perceive in your letters signs of an absorption of mind, and I am very glad, for I think that it is that you are getting more and more absorbed in Education. And I should be so glad to find your thoughts developing in this direction. I think it would be the best thing possible, not only for itself, as being the most important of all things, but in every aspect there could not be a better subject to work upon. All religion and all philosophy are, one might say, *part of it*. How children should be trained depends upon what the world and human nature are, upon the meaning and use of human life. I hope you will be able, and that soon, to arrange your engagements in the way that will give you the best opportunities for the study of the subject. If I were you I would insist, and at once, on doing so. Why should

you not? If women were trained with a due sense of their duties to the world, I am quite sure you would. You would not, if you had had a youth's training, ever think for a moment of doing anything else. I can't conceive of a doctor saying what you do, and hesitating, except from insuperable difficulties. I mean of course unless he were a mean, and greedy, and indolent fellow. And if not a doctor, why a teacher?

I think you need not let your deficiencies as a teacher trouble you. Almost every one who is developed at all, is developed more or less one-sidedly, perhaps people with an aptitude for science especially. I have not read Spencer, I am sorry to say, but I should doubt if his arguments in favour of science as a training were as sound, as they seem to be convincing. I confess I am not at all predisposed to that way of thinking, and I am pretty sure there is no *practical* evidence on that side yet. It may be said, it has not been tried; but I think there has been a little trial, and not much promise from it. Language is a part of Nature and not less beautiful than the rest, possibly its very imperfections may better fit it for an instrument of training. I should be disposed to think that science might very well come later, or at any rate that though it might for certain reasons be desirable to have some of it, or even much, in schools, yet that its presence or absence did not materially affect any really important problem in education. The men of science are unaware of the profoundly untruthful and legitimately repugnant doctrines which lie hidden at the bottom of their way of representing Nature. Science has got to be educated itself before it is worth much as an educator. Still I should wish not to be one-sided the other way, and should always be for having it taught; but tutors for this as for other things would not be hard to find in due course.

I should be so glad to see you engaged in making experiments on Education at your own will and on the broadest bases, and reporting them; *i.e.* preparing them for reporting. If the results of such investigation were not astonishing, this part of Nature would be unlike all the rest.

III.

C. H. to J. H.[1]

June 1872.

I wish I could have a talk with you about some things in your paper. It seems to me as if every now and then you laid down as almost axiomatic things which appear to contradict common experience, but which certainly are made very clear at the conclusion of a subtle and elaborate argument, *if* any one can follow you through it. For instance, you say, "Quite falsely we look on others' needs as demands interfering with our enjoyments. *They never have been so, nor are so.*" (The italics are my own.) Now everybody's experience tells him that he has, in the course of his life, often been forced *by compassion* to forego his own enjoyment for the sake of others' needs. Not for his "goodness"—he may never have thought of that. Nor, perhaps, has there been any joy in it. Others' needs may be the bringers-in of joy, but the first and most obvious thing they do is—to wring our hearts with anguish. And it is so very little that any of us can do to alleviate the misery that we *must* see (unless we voluntarily shut our eyes in order that we may draw a fancy picture of the universe), that service is only a relief to our pain, not a positive joy. You seem to speak as if sympathy meant always the highest pleasure, whereas it is quite as often the reverse. I know what you mean: you are pre-supposing

[1] After receiving the MS. of "Others' Needs."

such an absorbing and intense passion for humanity in us that every pleasure pales by the side of the gratification of that passion; but to your readers, knowing, for the most part, about as much of such a passion as they do about the lark's instinct for flight, it must seem as if you were drawing a rose-coloured view of human life, and giving some magical receipt for making everybody perfectly happy. A man might say to himself, "I am very anxious that others' needs should be satisfied, but I could not give up for it such and such an enjoyment; but if it is true that 'others' needs never have been, and never are demands for interfering with our enjoyments,' I can compass both objects at once without any difficulty." And if he discovered that he could not, would he not feel there was a fallacy somewhere, though he could not detect where?

But most likely he would not discover this—but would go on tranquilly adding to his enjoyments, in a harmless way, believing complacently that others' needs were being best served that way, since "all pleasure that does not injure us may be taken not for self—as it makes us better able to serve."

I see that "others' needs" do what you say—that is, if you care about them sufficiently; but that's the whole difficulty—men don't care, or if they do they are paralysed by the greatness of the need, and it brings no joy, only hopeless sympathy in *pain*. Again, "What would regarding others' needs, and being wholly led by them, imply? Absence of enjoying — starvation, foul air, indolence, banished beauty, neglected art. Of all these the utmost contrary—all *pleasant* things, &c." Of course this would be when *all* sought the good of others; but in the meantime those who begin to make the experiment must be prepared to find that regarding others' needs first *does* mean every one of the things you have enumerated and far more. I

daresay you will say, "Why does she think it worth while to remind me of all this—of course it is exactly what I say somewhere else;" but in this paper you dismiss this consideration with a passing parenthesis, "undoubtedly a perfect desire to serve implies a perfect willingness for painful service if it be required," and insist so much more all through on the joy-bringing power of "others' needs," that I think, for the uninitiated, your language is open to misconstruction. It seems to me very important to count the cost before going on such a warfare as this.

IV.

C. H. to J. H.

I have read this proof to several of the girls, and they have all seemed to understand it and see the force of it more or less. Of course the less intelligent ones take in everything one tells them as gospel, but would give equal credit to another view utterly at variance with this if urged by an equal authority. One or two who raised objections were more satisfactory listeners. One said, "But Mr. Hinton does not tell you how to begin to regard others—it is like telling you to fly." What I said in my last letter struck her too, that you make too little of the *necessary* foregoing of our own pleasure which putting others' needs first involves. I need not go into that again, but the impression of something lacking there does not diminish on reading it over many times. The greatest deficiency is, I think, what L—— feels (in common with many tender and pious souls I should think), *i.e.*, that though all you say is very true (she fancies it hardly wanted saying because every one would agree to it), yet you lose so much by not referring to or in the least

suspecting the power of the Christian motive: "the love of Christ constraineth me" is *the* power which has brought back the enthusiasm of humanity when it was dormant; and strengthened it when too weak of itself to gain the mastery over self. If the needs of others did call to no very arduous or painful service, possibly they might of themselves stir up enough energy of human kindness, but since it is impossible to serve man truly without being absolutely willing to incur every extreme of pain and loss, and since, too, humanity in the concrete is often so disagreeable and apt to excite feelings destructive of enthusiasm, is it not necessary to have some other motive, like love to Christ, to supplement and stimulate our flagging desire to serve our species? Besides, is it not a fact that the purest zeal and devotion in serving man has been associated with love to Christ? I know what you will say, that the love of Christ is supposed to be compatible with all the abominations of our modern life; but because some people shelter themselves under colour of a motive which they have never really felt, that is no reason why its true power when it *is* felt should be denied. The things that you point to, as outraging the spirit of humanity, do outrage the law of Christ in just the same degree, and I know you would acknowledge this although you seem to ignore it.

If any part of your paper is not clear it is where the motive power is to come from. "Others' needs" supply of course the best possible *reasons* for acting in a certain way; but reasons are not motives, or else man would never have got into the state he is in now. Others' needs are a sort of *vacuum* for our energies to flow into, but Nature does not, I believe, "abhor a vacuum" unless there is a *pressure* somewhere. I cannot see any *power* in the thought that regard for others would make all pleasure free. It is a

very nice thought, but has hardly enough force in it to carry one through stone walls, or through fire and water.

V.

J. H. to C. H.

18 Savile Row, *July* 1872.

It would be a shame to ask you for your help, and then to blow you up for giving it. And yet I confess I was feeling most dreadfully tempted to do this. For indeed both your letters *worried* me: you know how I mean; they seemed to go away from the point, and the things they contained were even more worrying, because one agreed with them. But this is not the case now: they have risen into the light of the pure intellect, and I find them full of instruction. Not that they seem to me less away from the point, but their very irrelevance is a revelation. But I think first of all that we might put out of our way one thing that I should fancy very often indeed puts us askew. Let us settle that once for all. I got the impression that our *practical* objects are different in one very important immediately practical respect: namely, that you wish and are aiming to influence people, whom I do not seek in the least degree to affect. Now seek to do what *you* wish and think possible—do not think I wish anything different—very likely you wish best and rightest—only see, *do not judge my work by your ends.* I am the more glad if it will not fit them, for that will the more prompt you to act and speak yourself in your own way. A divergence of aim here would be one of the best things, but it need not worry our help to each other. It may be allowed for. Now first, *I take no note of hypocrites.* What people "might say" who were not really trying to

find the true things to say, is to me like what wind might blow. Hypocrites never were important people; and what we want of them is not that they should be good, but that they should come out and show their badness. If one can play them a trick and seduce them into doing that, it is the best use to make of them.

(2.) I do not believe in a change in the opinions of adult people. Of course I do not mean in *any* adult people to any extent; nor in a great many to a moderate degree on a few points. But I am speaking of a great critical change affecting the whole attitude of the feeling, even on any single point of any moment. And looking at nature and experience, it seems plain to me that man was never meant to change by means of change in adults. Nature has easier ways—and therefore better (wherever self is not, *easier* always means *better;* if only because it means less force used, which is more things done; but "easier" is "better" for other reasons also than this). Nature has better ways of making changes in the human race than that, and ones that leave her at liberty to have the race better suited for her purposes, than if it were otherwise. Then yet again; I disbelieve in making people understand by much explaining: as a matter of fact (I mean in writing) explanations distract more than they help. They raise questions which never end, so that the result of trying to clear your way to your point is that you never get there. Though the result still falls short of satisfaction, it is a better one that is got by stating your point, and avoiding obscuring it by matters that are not it. At least this is what I mean to try—for the present. Now if you judge of my work by my aims, I think you will make your work with me go farther, and what is more, will have clearly before yourself perhaps a slightly different work of your own:—one I do not take up, but one which there

is none the less reason for your trying, because, as far as I can imagine it, it seems to me to be in some part unattainable. You try and supply these lacunæ you note as weaknesses: I admit the absences, but to me they seem strengths, not weaknesses.

But now about the paper. What worried me in your letters was, that you wrote all about what was not in it, nor meant to be, instead of about what was in it. How could it help worrying me? If you had but said—well anything—about the subject of it, and then gone on and said that you thought it would be well to add such and such things, that without them, owing to the habits of peoples' minds, it might not even be quite understood—that would have come all natural. Not that I think I should have acted on it; because exactly what I want to do, is to put just those things before peoples' minds, and those alone. *To the existing contents of them* (those minds I am thinking of) I want to add just these materials.

I don't agree even that the things you suggest as wanting are wanting. You speak to me as if, having added to a plateful of meat a little salt, you should say, "But it is meat we most want." Quite true, but there is the meat; it is the salt that was wanting. I deny that the people I am writing to (and I include all but a few) need any urging or any bringing of motives to regard others. I say that they do regard others quite enough to make an immense difference in their lives, if they saw what that meant, and I myself believe that they regard others—if not *enough*, absolutely, nor as much as will be the case some day—fully as much as is even desirable for this present time. I do not admit that regard for others is in any *relative* deficiency in the world (I mean always in England—which is all the world we know about) now; but hold that there is every reason to believe that there is as much

as is for the present wanted. It is not absence of regard for others that hurts us now, but *false rights;* a thing totally different, even when the outside effects it produces seem the same; and a thing beyond comparing more full of mischief. *I*, for my desires do not want more regard for others in men or women; more *will* be wanted, I fully believe, and will come when it is wanted; I don't believe it is wanted now, but only a different *use* of what we have —a different *position* of it, or order. We put it last, whereas it ought to come first: that is all; the consequence of course is, that being out of its place it itself comes to evil, and we dare not indulge ourselves in it. Till we can use what we have, how can we tell if we want more? This is what your letter is like. Suppose there is a great reservoir of water upon the hills, and it keeps on overflowing every now and then, and doing a lot of mischief, and I propose to put a pipe in and supply a starving town below; you come to me and say, But what is the good? It is water we want; how will you secure water?

The heavens secure water; at least let us use what we have. If regard to others, Carrie, rested on our urging, there would be a drought indeed; nor would I waste my labour on making pipes. I would be jolly. Those words of Paul's keep so in my ears:—"If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink." They are always there: I say with him; if man can't be man, let us be jolly. I know what I would do, I am all prepared. Think, Carrie, of just about all the people you know; if they had the making of the world, would they make it as it is; even if making it otherwise detracted ever so much from their pleasures? Would any one of them? Not one of the people I know would. Then there is a certain amount of regard for others which is not used, which cannot find its vent. I seek to use this: no one can affirm its quantity; to me,

studying it, it does not seem at all too small. When I find want of more perhaps I shall try to increase it—*perhaps* I say—for it hardly seems likely to me that I should judge it worth while. For what encouragement is there? This brings me to another reason (which it does surprise me you did not regard) for my not, in my paper, saying anything about reasons and motives, &c. &c.; namely, that it is so amply done, and to my mind so little wants more doing. I have scruples about filling up the world with print, and can hardly conceive myself adding any more to the multitude of appeals on every hand full of all sorts of motives and urgings to regard others, and be willing for sacrifice. Why I don't do it is that it is so much done—really overdone, it seems to me; there is distinctly too much talk on that subject. I believe there is less action for the multiplicity of it. How could I possibly add to that? What I notice is, that with all the talk about it—and not at all likely to get put right by means of it—there is a distinct mistake as to what it means, and what the real effect of regarding others' needs is. This seems to me to want saying, and to be likely to come to something; but why it should be mixed up with a talk about the motives, &c., I cannot understand. Let those who want to go be urged by motives, go to church, or take up a volume of sermons, or a good person's novel, or a child's story book; or any of the hundreds of stores where that article is sold.

But in all seriousness, Carrie, you are a splendid chameleon; beating all chameleons ever captured before. So fine a specimen that you puzzle even your owner (that is, me), who half wonders sometimes whether you are really the veritable animal that he had yesterday. You reflect just now a heavenly mauve: namely, L——'s beautiful soul. What would come of introducing her motive but

that the majority of men would not look twice at the thing? Do not you perceive that I have studiously written that paper to carry with me, so far, as many as I possibly can, and have cut it short that those who cannot go farther may at least go so far? But then, as for L——'s thought about the point itself; you perceive of course that it means that so grown into her mind are certain thoughts that she cannot even see what I say. Or is it not so, and does she really mean what I mean—which do you think? I cannot but think the former. Also, I hardly understand one thing in your shortening of the paper (for which I thank you very much), namely, that you left out my argument, that acting for self was not necessary, and that a pleasant thing wanted need not be done at all for self. To my mind this was (part of) the most important part of the paper. Those two things I wanted above all to say. If you would quietly find out what the people do really—latently—think, you will be astonished, I think, to find how much they want saying. I put them in again and left out a little else; so that I have the least misgiving if—either—you quite see the point I wanted to gain; or more likely whether you truly apprehend the state of mind I aimed at. And altogether in this respect your letter gives me a key to something—and something I am very glad to have brought to my thoughts. *You live among girls.* Now girls—I gather it partly from your letters—do not care about the world. That is true; I find quite parallel signs of it in other regions. Now one main point of your not quite seeing why I go about things as I do comes from that. You do not make adjustment for difference of *sex*. Of course regard to others has two sides of forms: caring about the world and caring about persons. Now these two sides are given to men and women (it is as in thought looking and guessing are), there

is the same complementary relation, and of course the same *use*, the same reference to an end. It quite delights me to see this clearly, though no doubt, I ought to have grasped it long ago. The true regard for others is the man's and the woman's together; as the true thought is. There is a lot in this. I even perceive by it more clearly M——'s grievance against me. It is true. I have made my man's caring for the world over-ride altogether her woman's caring for persons. I haven't hit the line of union. But it doesn't matter much, since by my missing others may go truer. Now your girls don't care, and find it hard to care for the world. (Nay, you yourself do not half care for it: your words betray that you don't. You do not *see* it: your "humanity in the concrete," which is so "apt to be disagreeable," means that you do not see it: you are a person who cannot see the wood for the trees; and you may revenge yourself by saying that we men cannot see the trees for the wood.)

All right; though they must also learn to do this. But do they not care for *people?* *Boys* care for the world. I believe that almost every boy who has had a chance, that is, who has ever heard about the world—has had any knowledge by which his true feeling could be drawn out—cares distinctly more about the world being as it ought to be than about how he can make it best for himself. I say that is the natural reaction of the boy's mind, and that if he grew up into a human life, he would require to be taught that men ever did anything else. The whole lot of us are *forced* into self-regard, that is, into *such* self-regard as ours. Because men tend to begin that way, does it follow that they like what comes of it? Why did man not then persist in liking what came of believing his sense-impressions?

But there is immense hope in this division of regard for

persons and the world between women and men. As in all such cases, there is a negation in each half, and an infinite *multiplication* effected by their union. But you have been a little confused, have you not, confusing acting for service with regarding the *world;* perhaps even more than ever I meant. For I doubt if so very much will ever be able to be done for the world except through instincts quite unforeseen; the people we have to regard are those who stand *visible* though beyond our own circle; going beyond the "family" does not mean putting the "world" first.

But there is another point still in which we may see more together, that is where you lay such stress in the need *at present,* for willingness to do all most painful, for others' sakes. You know I don't deny it; I take it for granted. Perhaps I say so little about it because I am conscious that I have been thinking of it too much rather than too little: or at least relatively too much. But there is another reason for which I say little of it, and that is because I am so sure there are plenty of people ready. That willingness does not want creating, only opening a channel for. This is the morally dark age, I say: and outside its like for ignominy shall not be found. But any one who thinks that if a clear call came for martyrdom—be it what it might—there would not be the people ready, thinks of it not only positively in itself, but as compared with all other ages infinite worse than I. I say, that in its *actions* it is worse—as a chrysalis is than a grub, but in its soul, at least, as ready. How can it not be? When did human nature alter? I say the people who will do all sorts of painful things that service will want doing, are ready and waiting. Why I know some dozens myself; —(not whether they would face pain, but whether they dare face pleasure is the question). But if they are not

ready, if God has not provided them—observe this, Carrie, man cannot. If they want persuading, urging motives—let us spare our breath. Why I say nothing about it, I expect, is that all saying would be vain. The people who do this may be, or may not be wanting; it rests with God; but if they are wanting, we can't remedy it. It is as if so many men with blue eyes were wanted; if they are there we can have them; if not, there is no making them. So it is impossible you should ever find me talking about that. Only those are permitted to do that who like it better than all other things, it is a privilege to be besought—not a duty to be urged. Does there not lurk in you, Carrie, still the feeling that greatness must be restraint of passion, must mean something for which man shall be capable of praise? Nature (or some one else) has shown me different things from that. I have seen Righteousness taking Pity to her bosom, and going forth, repentant that she has been cruel, to meet those who cannot restrain their passion, and saying to them: you also are my children. I have seen those whom Goodness would not call her children, called her children by goodness getting better, not by change first in them. That is the vision I have seen; that is the thing for which I care. We people who cannot restrain our passions, we will be good too, when goodness means—to fulfil the conditions of indulging them. Why did those who spoke in her name give us a false task to do, and then lie and say we cannot be good, when they had even forbidden us to try.

But there is one thing more I want to tell you also: I have seen so clearly and simply that I am one of the "bad people." Their nature is my nature. I am not unlike other men, only unlike those I have been falsely put among. And this that is in me *is* the thing men hate and persecute as crime; and they shall see that it is:

and yet again the despised and hated things shall be seen to be the things chosen of God. I am so glad to see it; and such a light too comes over all my life. I see too more plainly how I am unlike and apart from the good; their luxury I always loathed, but now I see that I loathe their restraints too. I feel them also vile—their basis is not in me. But think, my child, whether it is not clear that man is now *ascetically* self-indulgent, refusing himself the *pleasure* of helping? Do you not recall how asceticism is destined by its very nature to run into this? And for sacrifices, I say again—do you feel them so great, so hard? If you do not, do you suppose you are so much more than the rest of us? I am sure *I* am not, thank God!

VI.

C. H. to J. H.

Good Friday, 1872.

I have been employing this wet holiday very pleasantly in reading straight through the last two sets of "Ethics" that you have sent me, and feel my thoughts cleared and my belief strengthened. I like that idea much of force being *stored up* in the restraint of passion, and that it is that which is felt to be the *good* of it. Of course what we admire a self-restrained man for is, not for wanting to do something bad, and holding himself back, but for the strength which his restraint exhibits—just as we admire a lion-tamer or an acrobat. But I suppose that if man did live the true life of service, restraint would still be needed, for the passion would often be in excess of the work it had to do; righteous anger, for instance—would not that have to be restrained in the most unselfish of men? Then I suppose the force which had been "set

free" by giving up the self-imposed and unnecessary duties and restraints would be available for this necessary restraint.

When I read your papers all seems clear and inevitable, the course of the world has been all tending to this result; and we seem to be standing on the threshold of its accomplishment.

But when I look away from the papers into the world it hardly looks like the same problem: it is complicated with so many other springs of action and checks of various sorts. There do not seem to be these two alternatives to choose from: acting for self and for service; but a host of things to be done which concern yourself directly and your fellow-creatures only remotely. So that it seems far-fetched to talk of doing them for service: or there are twenty ways of doing the same thing, and while you are debating which is the most useful, the time is gone and the duty is omitted. If you were guided by self, you could see at once which was most profitable and do it. Now I know you would say: Let pleasure be your guide when there is no other; but that is just what men do, and our present muddle comes of it—they make pleasure or profit their habitual guide (I mean the tolerably unselfish people) and when there is a clear opportunity of doing a kindness or a service by giving up themselves, they do it; but the great current of their lives sets the other way, and they know it, and think it quite right, or at least inevitable that it should.

How are you to make the amiably self-seeking persons see that the evils under which the world groans are in any way the result of their lives? They would not harm anybody if they could help it, but they must *live*—which means that they must buy everything (human beings included) in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest,

must get as much as they can for their money, and pay as little as they need; which means of course that they lend all the forces of their lives to build up the fabric of commercial immorality which presses so heavily on half of the human race and corrupts the rest. I was led to this train of thought this morning by a remark of E. B. She came in while I was reading your Ethics, and began to talk (*àpropos* of some married friends) about what was the best foundation for married happiness. We agreed that it was in the husband's having some worthy object to which to devote his life, and for his wife to serve the same object—through giving her life to him and to his children. This she quite saw. We had often talked on the subject before, and she is not one of those girls who wish to be a man's all-absorbing object:—but she said: "It is not every man that can have such an object; most young men are in business, and that takes up all their time. Is a wife then to care most for her husband's business when it is only making money? or is he to have something besides his business to care for?" I answered that his service for the world was to be rendered *in* his business—he must, if needs be, work for his living, because his *living* might and should be a benefit to the world; and in earning his bread he had also to see that the service he gave in exchange for it was honest and trustworthy, so that if possible he might raise the standard of commercial morality by his performance of it. If a master, of course his responsibilities were higher: he had to assure himself that all his workpeople were paid, and if possible housed, in a way which rendered it possible for them to lead decent human lives; to guard against adulteration and falsehood in every department; to preserve others from risk, through trusting to his credit; to do justice all round before he took to himself that share of the profits which belonged to him

as capitalist and overseer. Now, if it be, as I think it is, a wife's duty to insist that her husband shall satisfy all just claims upon him before he makes her rich with the proceeds of his business, is not this tantamount, in the majority of cases, to making him give up business altogether? for it is not generally at a man's option whether he will become rich or remain where he is—if he does not go with the current it overwhelms him, and he had better give up the struggle at once. From what I can make out, all the trades and professions (except perhaps the medical) are so based upon acting for self, that if you tried any other system you might as well be a hermit at once: there is no escaping a share in the evil doing except by falling a martyr to it. So I suppose when a girl is in love with a man, the first thing she has to do is to brace him up to martyrdom—I don't see anywhere to stop: if you will not *compete*, you must be elbowed out of the way, and you may as well complacently take your seat in the gutter to begin with, as be pushed in: you may be quite willing to be there or anywhere for man's sake; of course no martyrdom is *per se* extravagant or impossible; but there is work to be done, and who is to do it?

Besides, one cannot somehow get rid of the feeling that however willing one may be to die, there is a primary command laid upon us by Nature to live, if it can be anyhow fulfilled. You will allow, perhaps, that that is worth a struggle—well then, where are you to stop?—your very living means generally pushing somebody else out of the way. At every step the same choice has to be repeated: if I have this pleasure, some one else goes without (though I may not be able, by going without, to give it): how can I take it? Of course, if some thousands of people were to agree together to base their lives upon service, it might be managed, but if any one begins alone

he must make up his mind that it is to be at the cost of *everything*, as far as this life is concerned. And there is the difficulty: what is there that men care enough about to make them willing to do it? Religion has proved itself powerful enough; but what new stimulus do you bring to rouse their enthusiasm? I know you will say, "Well, you feel you care enough about man's life to sacrifice anything to it—and do you suppose you are better than other people?" No, I don't call myself good; but I can't get over the fact, they don't *care* enough about it, and what is to make them? I suppose seeing some one suffer for the sake of the world: it must always be the Cross that attracts ("pleasure" is very good, no doubt, but it does not "draw all men" to it as the Cross does). But you see that *has* been done by Christ, and many times since, and still the rule of Self goes on, and in the Christian world scarcely less (according to your showing) than in the outside world. I feel as if my tongue were tied when I begin to speak of these things, because it is so easy to see how many other people's lives are based upon Self, and how *they* might alter; but if I were in their place, I should probably feel the same difficulty in seeing my way to a change of life that I do now in my own.

People ask what you mean by altering the basis of life, and want it taken out of vague terms and translated into some positive plan for *doing* differently.

It is easy enough to see that we are in evil case, that human life as at present constituted is a muddle, and that *it might* be a beautiful thing, orderly and free as nature, if man acted as you propose; but who is to begin, and how? I am always having the practical question brought home to me, because the girls whose eyes are opened to desire *life* above all things ask what they can do, and how they can escape from the social "duties" that compel

them to death in life, and I can see no help—all I can say is, "I am in the same case as yourselves. I don't call mine a good human life. All we can do is to fix our eyes on the good and *desire* nothing else, despise everything in comparison, and then assuredly life will make a channel for itself: when the current of desire has been long enough pent in to gather the force it needs to demolish the hindrance."

I have gone rambling on, dear James, and have given a very imperfect expression to what I meant to say. I don't know if you will find out where the difficulty lies. I only wished you talked to more ordinary practical people, and then they would put the difficulty in a plainer form. It seems to me perfectly plain that man is, as you say, able to "rise up and walk"—it can be shown most satisfactorily by numberless proofs that he *is* so far cured—but yet I have a lurking suspicion that we may cry out to him all our lives long, "Rise up and walk," and he won't stir. Why is it?

VII.

J. H. to C. H.

18 Savile Row, *April* 1, 1872.

I wish I could make you feel at once how interesting and how *amusing* your nice long letter is to me. There is so much to be said about it, so many ways of putting it, that I shan't half satisfy myself; but I don't care, because I would rather you should go through the matter in your own way. Two things suggest themselves to me at once to say: first, "If it had been some *hard* thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" That does so exactly express the case, any hard deed, anything that is self-denial and *good*, how ready man is for it! He looks back with inveterately longing eyes to those old days when it was not forbidden him to

take pain as his best beloved, and make torture his familiar friend. If only that were wanted of him, how absolutely it has been attained, more than attained, heaped up in a positive excess: if merely being willing, anxious to put away all pleasure, had been required, how long ago the problem had been solved! I verily believe it had been finished before what we call history had begun, for history records no time when men who sought goodness were not prepared for, glad in any torture for its sake. That is with all its hardness an easy goodness after all. And of course it would have been quite easy to have had *all* men the same in this respect, all men eager with the same passion for refusing pleasure for goodness' sake, *if it had been wanted.* (Surely this is an axiom that what Nature can do in one individual can be done in all; that is no further problem, the whole thing is solved in the doing once. If a point be attained in one or some which is not in others, that is because a different result is sought and more needed in that direction. You should get this well into your soul, I think: there is nothing of *failure* in human life except the wanted failure.)

The reason only some were thus good was simply that it would not have done for all to be; that the other class of people were a necessary constituent too. If that kind of goodness which is in putting away pleasure had been what was wanted, how long ago it was attained, in what wasted oceans it is offered up to Heaven still—in vain sighs and longings to which the kind heavens are deaf!—as you feel. (But before I go on I want to say, lest I forget it, this: you turn from the *reason* of the case to look at the *appearance* and you say, "It is not in the least bit like it; it looks quite the other way." Why did you not go on "as an appearance should"? Did you ever hear of an appearance whose business and duty it was not

to look *not* like the truth? For what is the good of an appearance but to enable us to *know* by looking different from what it is; that is what they were created for? Now this you know as well as I do—why did you speak against your knowledge? Of course the appearance of the moral world is different, immensely different, from the truth of it. It would be a bad case for us if it were not so, for all our faculties would be at fault on it; they being evidently made to deal with appearances that are different from the truth.) But again I am talking away from what I want to say by thinking of the way you think. You see that *this* plan of acting for service, *this* thought of life, is blocked up, made futile (we will suppose that is what your words mean). Now what do you do? Do you ask: if this is not the true way of making life human what is the true way? where is the error in our thoughts? what change does Nature bid us introduce? Do you think that way? Instead, you say: See, life becoming human must be impossible; this idea, my idea, these attempts, my attempts, all come to nothing. In simple truth, Carrie, you speak as if it was quite impossible that the idea you have picked up of the way man's life must go, if it is to go to good, could have anything of mistake in it. I do hope that you will feel this and see that it is so: for indeed it is what we all do, and is the very silliest folly we all commit. Why cannot you make this your postulate? "Nature is leading man to good, to a life that does not mock his name;" and, if you come to see that one idea we have had of doing it won't do, accept the inference, we have not exactly seen the plan?

Instead of this, you do what could be rational only if mistake were impossible to you. If you feel "no" to this, do think it well over, for I feel it the most important

of all things. It *is* what you do; what we all do; what most of all we need to leave off.

But coming to your letter itself, dear, this is so interesting: first, do you keep before yourself clearly this simple thing, acting not for self is merely acting for service, that is, merely doing what seems to us at the moment most to be wanted? It is simply thinking of what is wanted and not of yourself. I know how your thought has got twisted here; I have gone through it; everybody brought up in the atmosphere we breathe must go through it. Can doing the thing that seems to any one most wanted, and because it is most wanted, that is, most useful, be puzzling? It is the very definition of simplicity. If a person most wishes to do good, he does "act for service" and cannot avoid it. It is as much in doing any one thing as in doing any other, if only we truly think that thing the best to do; as much in any mistake as in any wisdom. I know how the puzzle comes, but what a pretty child's puzzle it is! Again it is "if he had told you to do some *hard* thing" —we even insist on looking out for a hard one, so that we cannot see when an easy one is bidden us. At its root you will find this feeling, Carrie, which haunts us long after we have seen through it and refused it even with indignation — the thought that acting not for self must mean doing something contrary to pleasure (the source of which you know). The whole process is to cure us of that—to cure us of that which makes *goodness* mean not pleasure. Look at that well, and you will have seen all. Why, dear, when you go to bed at night because you are tired, and know, if you don't go, you won't do to-morrow's work well, you fulfil the whole thing—that is acting not for self. It has nothing to do with two things: first, nothing to do with pleasure or pain; secondly, nothing to do with any *form* of action—it may be anything; and,

by-the-bye, above all, thirdly, it has nothing to do with *being good.* It is simply doing what is wanted because it is wanted. Simple, is it not ?

But let any one insist on saying that shall be right as the root of my life and go all through it, and see what will come.

See what will come even to one of those girls puzzled about her husband's business, or the puzzled husband himself. I don't mean to say it will cure their *puzzles:* it is to be hoped not, for that would "cure" their learning and bring it to an end. But one puzzle it would cure at once, namely, the puzzle of waiting too long to see the best thing to do ; for so soon as it ever appeared that waiting was doing mischief, that is, that it became dawdling, then not-waiting would have been the thing that wanted doing, and would be done accordingly.

People who really asked for service would soon cease to be *nervous* about making mistakes ; at least if I may judge either by reason or experience. For here is the curious point, so simple is it that I have absolutely done it all my life without knowing it—it is just like talking prose. And never did I do it more than now when I work hard at "business" and make people pay me full fees and hoard them. That is what seems to me to want doing. Asking *what* a person will do who acts for service, is just like asking which way will a thing point that follows the wind. It will be as the wind, or service, which is as variable, chooses. But this is a minor matter, though it becomes so much, and I have scarcely begun to say what I wanted to say. Your girls *want to be good,*—they must leave off that wish. This is the crucial point, the hard task to which God is bringing man—has brought him. To him He says, "There is *one thing,* and only one, I will have you think of, and that is others' needs. If I had

wanted your goodness, do you think I would have let you be what you are?"

Is it not plain, Carrie? So long as man's goodness could be suffered to remain in putting away pleasure he never could have been delivered from the rule of self; there is nothing self exults and triumphs in so much. But you have it—you *feel* failure—that is success.

VIII.

J. H. to C. H.

18 Savile Row, *March 18th*, 1872.

It is curious: I had been feeling very wretched when your letter came. Perhaps you felt it. I believe in unseen connections between people. We are not isolated as we feel ourselves. That sense of a disconnection comes from a non-perception, and our taking it for the truth perplexes alike our thoughts and our life. We need to take into account some unseen fact there, and make a different start. This is indeed our perpetual need. Some day you will *feel* (probably quite suddenly) that this is what the question of man's acting for "self"—or "accepted not-regard"[1] means, and that it is but a case of completing a premiss; and then you will have the conviction, the certain vision which you say now you cannot have;—that the tension will cease, and cease with ease, rest, simple delight and relief from needless and hopeless toil; it will be even as all completings of the premiss are: the restoration of the impulses to freedom; the liberation of the baffled tendencies; the turning of strain and effort into *power* fresh for use.

[1] It must be borne in mind that Hinton treats the "self" as a negative, so that "acting for self" is equivalent in acting without regard to the welfare of others.

Turning out not-regard—what is it? Simply having no reason any more for feeling that pleasure is less good than pain; indulgence worse than restraint. Do we think of heaven as hard? Yet our very best thoughts of its joy *are* the very things that acting without self-regard would mean. You will feel it before long: it will flash upon you like a dream, what all the hard life has been for, and how in the very vision of its object, it *is ended.* For this is the joy of a *reductio ad absurdum,* that the "time" for its accomplishment has always come, and that no time can be too soon. What is wanted is only to see it, and when it is seen the whole task is done. The difficulty is not—never was—in the doing; only in finding out.

Was there ever a time when thinking of the earth as moving would not have made astronomy easier—when if men *had* only thought of it they would not have found the time was "come" for thinking so? Yet it took them indefinite centuries to learn to think of it; and when they did at last, it was so "difficult" that we may almost say no grown man could do it—this task which now no child finds to be hard. It is hard to *find,* not to *do,* the right easy thing, which is always the true thing; and nothing else is true: nothing that is not easy as well as right. This is man's puzzle. The right thing is hard to *find,* so he puts instead something hard to *do,* which is quite another thing; even farther from the true one than the false easy things he first does instead. Look, Carrie; look with your eyes and see: Has not God made the serviceable things to be pleasurable? Where does the divorce between service and pleasant things begin apart from our making? Is it not the very character of disease? This has been man's difficulty, this union of service with pleasant things; this has been that great "cruelty" of Nature's to him, which he so bemoans; that service means

pleasant things: so that it has happened that he, having adopted acting for self (or not-regard), could not, when he tried to be "good," help putting service aside—having made goodness mean putting aside pleasure. So, poor unfortunate one, he found everything against him; when he did not try to be good, he did harm; when he did try he did worse harm; it seemed as if all things were against him:—as indeed they are while he acts for self. That is his crime; and that Nature's revenge. Whatever thing he touches he makes it work him ill. What does it mean?

You say, Carrie, you cannot see it. Do you see *any* order anywhere in the world, any adaptation of means to end, and making the end sure? But where is it plainer? If God has made Service be in pleasant things, what does He bid us but be such that goodness to us shall not mean putting away pleasure? Was ever purpose, design, assured result, more plain? Was ever task more easy? Nor has it taken long: it has been quick in coming: for indeed the path—easy though it be and plain, so that no fool need err; for what wisdom is required in *desiring* good?—is hard to find. It is Man's Life becoming, but it comes. It is to cast out self-virtue. Thousands of years are a short time for that; a short time to discover that that is God's command; but having seen it, what remains but rest?

Yes, one thing more remains, thank God, scope for the passion of joy and longing, and sweet relief from a despair that mocked itself with hopes that were no hope, to expend itself: which else how could we bear?

I looked at the "Tales of Old Japan" the other day, and came on this. An old Japanese moralist wrote, speaking of licence in respect to women:—"In the old times, the downfall of castles and the overthrow of kingdoms all proceeded from this alone. Why do not men learn to restrain their passions?"

This has brought so much before me. I seem to stand in those old days in Asia, and see man with the right and wrong road before him, at the very crisis of his choice, and choosing the wrong. O me, what a pitiful history has followed! I can hardly help weeping over it, and thinking it might not have been, if but some friendly voice had been there to cry, Not so, O man! The evil is not in indulging passion, but in not following good; the remedy, not in putting away indulgence, but in having no reason to put it away. Might it not have been different, and all this dark history spared? I cannot help thinking, almost believing, it might.

For, as we see in individual cases, notwithstanding the perfect *law* that is in human life, a man's whole history may be different according to the choice he makes: the law fulfils itself equally in either case: and why should it not be so with man? Why not as true of him as of any one of us to say, "If he had but chosen differently." I look back, oh, with such regret, and see him choosing, not *desire of good*, but *restraint of passion*, for his good.

For it was in those old days in Asia that this fatal choice was made, of which Europe too has felt, and we feel still, the bitter fruits: a false good put before us, a good about ourselves. Then it was done; and its black pall fell, in the act, on human history. From that time it was blotted out from heaven, and the angels' eyes had to wait expectant for the resurrection of the dead. I feel —I don't mind telling *you* the feeling—as if it was I that made it (why should it not have been?), and all that I have seen and borne had been but a tardy act of repentance (I should like to think so; for it would make me *consent* to my life as I never have consented yet; I do not feel as if I ever should, and I should like to feel too, still more than

I do, though I do feel it altogether, that when I inveigh against man's wrong choice, and say his aim is false, his very goodness evil, it is my own choice I reprobate, my own false act I condemn). One can see so well why the false choice was made, why it must have seemed the call of righteousness, and yet how plain the error. Oh you poor good man, to think that passion could be left to want restraining, and yet that restraint could avail. Not seeing even that what you yourself meant was to restrain it *by the power of the desire for good;* nor foreseeing—for how should you have foreseen it—that this would be left out afterwards, and the restraint, merely for itself, become the good man sought; bringing worse overthrow than any you had seen! For see, dear, how plain it is: here were two things, absence of desire for good, and indulgence of desires—one good, the indulgence; the other evil, the one and only evil, not-regard. (Not-regard is the one, and only possible evil: look and see if there be any other; and it is evil, of course, it is untruth to fact, falsity to Nature.) The two together, of course, made an evil whole, of course they did; good working upon evil is the *evil* thing; that is, the hurtful one. Then in presence of this evil whole man said—oh the pity of it!—let us put away the good, the free indulgence (without which no true good can be). Why did he not say: let us put away our not-regard for good, and follow it wholly and for ever? For you see how the mistake worked. To have said: let us follow good wholly, would have involved all the restraint of passion that was wanted, and never so long as it *was* wanted, could it have been left out: he would have got that (and having got it would have kept it); while by saying, let us restrain our passion, he gains no hold—that is, no permanent hold—upon the desire for good; the restraint inevitably usurps the "goodness" to itself, as we have seen universally; and

"following good" falls out. The false choice once made must be worked out to the end.

But look at what it means: putting restraint of passion as the law is *refusing God's law*, to put in its place what we think—fatally think—an easier one of our own. God's law is *love;* that is, have your regard upon your fellows—your *passion* for their good. And man looks at that, and says, "It is too hard. I must have an easier law: I cannot have my regard not on myself, I must consent to have my passions for myself, but I will restrain them."

The very thought of restraint of passion as the right is a refusal of God's law. It is putting one that seems to us easier instead; but it is not easier. It is impossible. *Man cannot restrain his passions;* God never bade him; Nature never gave him the power. I think it might well be argued that restraining passion is absolutely an impossible thing: a contradiction in terms, that no being ever did it or could do it, any more than he could hold up his feet by his hands without other support; and that whenever it seems to be done, *it* is not truly done, but a different thing; namely, one passion controlling or absorbing another; which indeed is the true command, "Let the desire of good absorb your passions—'love.'" It is worth thinking of whether this be not true, that, rightly speaking, restraining passion is a contradiction in terms. And by restraining passion I mean the thing we think of and set up as our duty: and must set up, when we have consented to not-regard.

As long as man is really following good in what he calls restraining his passions, he can do it, there is a power by which he can do it. When it ceases, as it is sure to cease to mean this, then he cannot do it, and fails as we may see now. And so we see when this was first said, as by those early eastern men, "Why do not men restrain their

passions?" it meant *restrain them by service.* The mischief which indulgence of the passions brought as long as selfishness ruled not-regard was the reason for restraining them: the actions were to be such that mischief should not come; that is, the desire for good was to guide: good was to be followed. The thought was true: almost one might say it was only the expression that was false, and if they would have but said what they truly meant, in another way, namely, "why do not men follow good?" the course might have been different: that is, if the particular form in which good had been put aside had not taken the attention and given a one-sided direction to the thought; (but doubtless there were deeper reasons too); and will this be found to have been the fact: that so long as restraint of passion meant following (traceable) good, and so was supported by the power of that passion, men have attained it? But when restraint of passion has come not to mean following (traceable) good, then they have failed. Restraint has, I feel sure, always been introduced as the form which following good assumed; it has always meant that at first, but then through wrong thought the restraint for itself has come to stand as the good, that is a goodness about ourselves—self-virtue, and then it has failed. "A law that slays service, by service shall it be slain."

But man has not gone wrong: if he had not laid on himself that false law, and put his good in his own torture instead of in service, there had not then been the martyrdoms by hands of others or by men's own, that have enriched the world, and heaven would have been the poorer for our riches. But now do the angels know what goodness put in restraint of passion *means,* and know too to what heights of agony love can endure when blindness has made love mean pain.

Then here is another thought:—there are certain things

which seem as if they must be ruled by impulse, in which by their very nature impulse becomes as it were the law, and the idea of reflective pursuit of good seems absurd. The union of man and woman is emphatically so. Now is not this the meaning: that in these things at least impulse gives the true law, and is the ruler whom Service would appoint, being truly its expression and the guide to it? So it does assert its authority, and the call is to be such as to be able perfectly to obey it. In a word, not to be a glutton, for this is perfectly seen in respect to food: there impulse does give the law of Service, and nothing can be substituted for it. Nature has for us no law whatever but not to be a glutton, that is, to have our thought off pleasure. When we are not regarding pleasure impulse *is* the guide. So "Heaven" is *pleasures* for evermore. And man's pursuit of pleasure is but suppressed to be restored, as we see in the infant's greedy eating and the man's perfect eating for service as simply pleasure-led as the child's.

The impulses *are* the guides, but till the thought is off pleasure we cannot follow them, we cannot even perceive what they are. Nature has no other law than that, "Be not a glutton." We try to have a law that will leave us at liberty to be gluttons still.

Again: when we speak of the evil state of so many of our fellows, the very best and kindest people will reply, "But a great deal is done for them now," and so on. Yet it is quite questionable whether more is done now than has been done at very many times before: certainly it seems to me enormously *less* is done than was done in the times we despise as dark: whether it is much more wisely done remains to be seen. But see the mischief here: because we let not-regard be at the basis, our good must be in things *added on;* in visible doings, in things

that attract the eye, and as it were, occupy space in our life. Now this brings us within the range of this evil, that by the inevitable necessity of our position the things that are done of this sort now must *appear* so much more than those that were done in former times; they must appear so by virtue of "historical perspective" from which it is so intensely difficult to free ourselves. And so are we not led to rest in the feeling that "so much is being done *now*" without any true reason, but simply because we do not see what was done before in anything like its true relative proportion, and so we come to rest in satisfaction and have expectations which are not justified. Are we not made by this to succumb to evils and to rest in vain hopes as we would not if we truly knew?

IX.

C. H. to J. H.

March 22, 1873.

. . . I think I can see already all you say in this letter, except that part *àpropos* of the Japanese moralist. You say, "I seem to stand in those old days in Asia, and see man with the right and wrong road before him at the very crisis of his choice, and choosing the wrong." I cannot imagine there ever was such a time, any more than there was a *choice* to think the earth moved round the sun. Pythagoras did anticipate the heliocentric astronomy, and it was not exactly a wilful choosing of darkness rather than light that made men take the long and difficult path of the epicycles, was it? If there had been a moral Pythagoras to warn man at the crisis of his choice, *must* he not still have worked out his sad weary experience as he has done?

Surely God would never have led man the long way if a short cut would have done as well. You seem to affirm this so fully elsewhere in your letter, where you compare man to a baby, who must inevitably start from not-regard, that I cannot think you really believe it could be otherwise. I cannot see any trace in History, of man's having made any deliberate choice. Still I am very much interested in that curious feeling of yours, that you were the "Adam" that fell, and that it is given to you to retrieve the fall for your descendants.

. . . There is one thing that often puzzles me in your way of speaking, or at least gives me a sense of only half believing in the practicability of what I see to be theoretically clearly proved possible. It is that you always speak of *man* as doing and thinking this and that, as if all the complex phenomena of human action were attributable to *one* being. Of course I believe in the unity of Humanity. I think I would as soon lose my trust in a God as my belief in that, for it is at the basis of whatever hope I have for my fellow-creatures—but still I am stumbled at the way in which you use it.

You seem to speak of the acts of a certain portion of the human race as those of "man," and it often strikes me that you might draw quite different conclusions respecting man's course, if you looked at another portion instead of that one. You say: *man* has learnt this and that, when it seems to me, that only a small fraction of the race has learnt it. I know what you say about the difficult part of the *reductio ad absurdum* being done vicariously by a few in order that all may participate in the benefit of the conclusion, and that partly relieves my difficulty, but not entirely. You always seem to assume that this colossal *man*—the being who has made all these mistakes and been taught by this long experience, is the being to whom your

revelation of the true "easy path" is to be addressed, and it appears impossible that he should not be convinced by what you say. As I read about this "man" I feel I know him quite well. I have watched through your superior eyes the pretty mistakes of his infancy, the more serious aberrations of his later years, his noble though misdirected search after good, his failures, his disappointments, his obstinate hopes,—and I cannot doubt that he is just on the verge of the joyful discovery that his "warfare is accomplished," and his rest at hand. But when I look at the actual men and women in the world, I hardly recognise the likeness, or rather it is broken into a thousand fragments, a bit of this human experience is here, another bit there, and the man possessed of one does not profit by the other.

To most people Man is an abstraction, to you he is the only real being. I fancy this will make a great difficulty when you come to try and persuade ordinary people. *They* are not conscious of having made the ascetic experiment, and of having failed; nothing is farther from their thoughts. And when you say: "Man is good enough (*i.e.*, for this or that change) look at Spain (or "Siam"); one is apt to feel that somehow the links in the chain are so far apart, that it will not hold. I am almost ashamed to confess this feeling to you, for I know it will seem very childish, but I find it stronger in other people than in myself, and I want to be fortified against it. I can reason against it, but there it is again, making itself felt in a sort of vague incredulity. . . .

X.

J. H. TO C. H.[1]

March 20, 1873.

About the "one man," I will tell you the difference between us; my feeling is a *feeling* of him, a perception or consciousness, like a sense perception not reasoned, nor at all caring about being rational, but simply there. The Being I mean by *Man* is the Being I *perceive*, and about whose mode, &c., of being you might ask me innumerable equally unanswerable and indifferent questions. I haven't reasoned him out, I perceive him, nay, I love him, that is HER: for she is—by no means a "colossal man," but a little trembling, quivering, passion-driven woman, throbbing with uncomprehended instincts, and afraid with timid regrets, and sorrows for half imaginary sins; which she repents of but knows she will still commit, and does commit. I don't know about Humanity, nor any "colossal" thing whatever; but that little restless woman-thing I know, for she works in me, and keeps me in perpetual unrest. Would not the wave be quiet if it were not for the sea, which when the Spirit breathes on it, can let no wave be still? You are thinking, Carrie, of this one man with the Intellect; there is no such thought-out one man, any more than such one God. Then as to the particulars, all you say is true enough, but it wants another *way* of seeing. It is really a kind of art process; some new *sensation* must come in these, and things will find themselves transformed. And the idea of a *colossal* man is above all out of place, like thinking God is so "great" because He fills all space. Those *magnitudes*, spiritual Powers and Dominions, are exactly not great, but too small ever to be found, too small for my microscope to reach them: "he

[1] Part of this letter appeared in the "Life."

that would be greatest among you, let him be least," is the very law of Being. You are seeking a "self-man," the living among the dead. He is not here, He is risen.

XI.

J. H. to C. H.

20/11/73.

The point on which I want your judgment is the presentation of the case *in opposition* to my recent thoughts, as for instance in the suggestion that human needs are too shifting to be our guide, and that the thought of the Will of God—not expressed in *traceable* needs—ought to rule instead; and that the fact that this would necessarily mean a restraint of passion on man's part is an argument in its favour, inasmuch as such restraint is the right thing "for this world." This is the question always present to me: Am I wrong, and is the true meaning of the world a different one? And of course the other thought would be, in some form or other, that restraint, even against traceable needs, was *the good* for this world. The possibility of this is always present to me. It would not mean *our* life (*i.e.* the life we are now leading) of course; but it might mean some form of ascetic life guarded and guided perhaps by experience, and restored with the fruits of the suppression embodied. My eyes are always, not only open, but watchful, for the possibility of this, and it comes before me in every new form of putting the question that I discover. Every fresh relation of facts that occurs to me turns round to that question, "Is not restraint of passion, as men have thought, the true good for this world, and not that 'fulfilling the conditions of not having to restrain it' which haunts my eyes?" I am always putting that question afresh to every new messenger

Nature sends me. For this is *the* question, as you perceive: which is the right *here:* restraining passion, or being such as not to have to restrain it? The answer we have always heard is, restraining passion *here:* not to have to restrain it must be in heaven, that is, really, be not-bodily. But *putting the question* always really does answer it for me. What! first of all, be incapable of pleasure before we can prefer good to it, and desire good wholly, although it means absence of bodily pleasure? It is as ridiculously false to facts as it is loathsomely mean, and to be spit upon and abhorred! Besides all history solves itself in the vision of that problem solved, —man fulfilling the condition of not restraining his passion by learning to have a true regard (to *fuct*). I cannot really doubt it, but I ask again and again, and I like to put the question every time to you; as if hopeful, I suppose, that through other eyes I might see differently. But I see that you hardly seem to see that there is a question.

But for your letter. By inventing "our" God I was not speaking of the historical origin of the idea of God, though I suspect that is not so settled as many suppose. There is an illusion in supposing that because things have a clear reference to objects of Nature, therefore they must have originated from them (as one sees in the solar myths; because they are in terms of the sun, it by no means follows they are not references to *men* in terms of the sun, and so on). I should suspend my opinion about the *origin* of the idea of God until I had seen more; it is possible the moral feelings had a good deal to do with it). But I spoke of *our* idea of God, which is a very striking phenomenon—the God that our race and generation have affirmed—I do not want to insist on the dark side of the thought—but the God who sends little children to hell and values Sabbath days and other physical doings more

than human lives. How came men to invent *that* God, I mean? Did not the conjoined and yet incompatible wishes—not to think of himself and yet also to restrain his passion, which are contradictions,—did not these conflicting wishes contrive that fiction as a means of co-existing?—it does look like it to me. And if you look simply at human life, a desire for restraining his passion, *i.e.*, for feeling himself good, looks wonderfully near to being a primary passion of man's. Why should it not be, *i.e.*, if there are *any* primary passions at all? Why should he not as much "like" the feeling of being good, which he cannot have except in restraining his passion; be his passion what it may—casting himself into the fire to save his enemy even—he cannot *feel himself good* if he is indulging it. No man can feel himself good in any self sacrifice *if he likes it.* Has not the very phrase "doing what we like" come to be used as the contrary to being good? Why should not man as much primarily like the feeling of being good as like the taste of sugar. Look over the world: where is not man engaged in thwarting his desires for the sake of something he calls God? but how does he get at the God who wants him to thwart his desires? Is not a passion for thwarting his desires likely to have had a part in making the God as *vice versâ?*—I only say this as a curious subject for study. Cruel idols seem to me very like "projected reasons" for something man found himself doing and had to make a reason for. The God who wanted men not healed on the Sabbath was, I should say, demonstrably a "projected reason." The Jews had made him up because they had forgotten what the Sabbath was for. But then if this be so it is certainly the type of many. Don't shut the question up.

But as for man having a primary desire for feeling himself good, see what that wonderful writer of Genesis says:

the command on man was (not to avoid evil, not to avoid even knowing evil, but) not to know *good* and evil. As if, one might ask, the primary passion of man, the source of his mischief, was his wishing to be (self) good. There is really something worth thinking of in it; as if that desire for self-goodness were not only the last and worst form of not-regard, but had been its first form too. Do not let us shut questions like this up. (If men had really answered them anything like they feel they have, they would not be making such a frightful muddle of their life now.)

But for your other remark about my feeling towards God—my "direct feeling." It interests me very much. I have often thought of it (but always of course quite passively, not trying to change anything). As you say, my natural tendencies are towards that state; now, I think it is in me in a sort of state of *suppression*. For knowing the law of suppression for perfecting an imperfect thing does not altogether prevent the suppression from taking place, but it gives a consciousness all the while that it is really present, though seeming absent, and that it is destined to come back, which may be the very best, even as a seed *seems* gone when it is sown; however much we may know it is all safe under the earth. Then secondly, there is another thing to be said: that it[1] is so absolutely a pre-supposition that I do not think of referring to it.[2]

XII.

C. H. to J. H.

23/11/73.

It is difficult for me to answer your question (*i.e.* is restraint or service the type of good—for the world?) be-

[1] *i.e.* the sense of God.

[2] The rest of this letter is quoted in "A Law of Development."

cause I do not see the alternative is as you put it. It seems absurd to say that restraint is a good thing in itself, and that the world could have been made such as it is for the sake of making restraint necessary. That alternative I certainly never could adopt—so far I agree with you. Restraint of passion never could stand to me as *the* good of man's life. But, on the other hand, I cannot believe that we shall ever be able to do without it, as a means to an end, which is of course man's being made *alive*, and no longer "subject to the law of sin and death." I think the point where I do not see with you is, that man is capable even now, by having his eye fixed upon the true good and adjusting his action to fact, to do without self-restraint. You say that there need be no restraint of passion, because the passion for service itself furnishes its own restraint; the restraint, you say, is in the heart, and not on the hands. That I quite understand, and it seems to me that that is the ideal towards which all our hopes, efforts, and aspirations should be directed, and perhaps here and there is a person (like Madam Guyon, for instance) who attains that state of having no desires that do not flow in the direction of the revealed will of God. But most men, even after they have turned their hearts, with all the earnest purpose and steadfast will of which they are capable, to pursue the true good, will find a "law in their members warring against" that law of the spirit, and will have to be consciously restraining the passions which seek self-gratification. Of course people are very differently constituted as regards the comparative strength of the benevolent emotions—some men feel the happiness and pain of others much more than other men; but I should think that as long as we remain in the body there must be a struggle between the self-seeking and the altruistic passions, even granted that the latter are

always victorious. Take a case. X possesses, I should say, of all men the most intense and fervent passion for others' good; but that does not prevent his distinctly needing to use self-restraint to keep him from indulging his passion for talking after midnight when it is injurious to his wife's health (and by its after effect upon himself to the very work he has at heart). In this case the master passion does not make him such a man that he has no need to restrain his other passions; and if it is so with him, how much more with other men who are not so absorbed in one desire as he? Most men, even when actuated by the purest desire for good, do the thing they would not. At the same time I quite agree with you that the restraint of passion is only educational and preparatory to a state in which it will not be needed.

XIII.

18 Savile Row, 25/11/73.

It is curious in all you say you do not really touch my question. You talk of *how* the law of service will have to be obeyed, &c.; but I do not succeed even in suggesting to you that I am seriously pondering whether perchance the law of service may be meant not to be the law "for this world." And this is indeed perhaps the best answer. I see you cannot seriously imagine it, and this is partly because you are a woman; but I have found this very striking in my experience how, *almost absolutely*, that service is the law is an axiom to a woman. It was not she, but distinctly man, who twisted it round into something else. So that it is often even a difficulty to make a woman understand that all our laws are not service-laws; she has taken it for granted that they are—and a pretty puzzled state her mind must be (latently) in.

What I meant was: is *men's training in restraint* the object, morally, of THIS world; and is the service law to come only when we "go to heaven"? But I see you cannot seriously think it. As if the law of service had not in it all the restraint that was wanted. I wish, when you think of this, you would lay hold of the parallel of the intellect to steady you: putting taking the sense-impressions for granted for the parallel of having self first; and note how *the race* has solved the problem, and how the individuals enter into the fruits; and that which *man* found enormously hard, the work of ages well bestowed on it, no child finds to be hard at all; how it is simply the easiest and most natural use of his powers—the one for which both he and the world alike were evidently made. One of the chief things that have flashed on me is the simple fact that following others' good does not *in its nature* mean doing disagreeable things; only we have to *begin* so. Indeed it is so much otherwise that Nature uses it to cast off self-virtue.

XIV.

C. H. TO J. H.

DOVER, 12/12/73.

. . . One thing strikes me very much that I remember noticing years ago about you. It is of no use *telling* you anything until the time comes for you to see it, and then I suppose it would come to you of itself. Some power keeps your eyes shut to what other people see, I suppose, in order that you may see what they don't see, and when the time comes you are allowed to see what we should call the "obvious" facts, and then, of course, you can make use of them in a way which you could not if you had not the invisible things to interpret them by. I used to think

it was so about your domestic life; it puzzled everybody to think how you could help seeing what they saw when you were so anxious to come at the truth of things. And this same thing struck me afresh in reading your last letter about a remark of Y.'s to the effect that men should control their passions. I never could see why you expressed such entire disapproval—why you tugged at your shirt collar as if you were stifled—because I always took it to mean what you say in this letter, not that service is not the true rule of good, but that man is not yet truly human, and needs to control his passions in order that he may follow service. I never doubted that the best thing for a man was to need no control save that of a superior passion; but that is a long way off, and at present the sick man has to do what would be most repugnant as well as injurious to a man in health. It seems to me, too, that a man needs to practise self-control medicinally (or gymnastically), not only that he may be able, when the time comes, to subordinate his pleasure to others' needs; but also that he may learn to detect what others' needs are, which is often a very difficult thing, and not to be done amidst the hubbub of the passions, but only when a man is calm enough to see how different others are from himself, and how his blundering kindness, in forcing upon them what he likes best himself, may often be positive cruelty. Don't you think that undisciplined natures are often unable—even though willing—to discern others' needs, so that they need some other teaching besides the iteration of the injunction to the putting others first. It seems to me that your axiom, "Desire the good, and then do as you like" supposes a great deal of previous preparation—fulfilling of conditions—before it would be safe to follow. I have a difficulty which I think I have mentioned to you before; but your first letter and my talk with M. brought it up

again. You speak of care for oneself as being a preliminary to living for others' needs, but it seems as if there was no rule to go by as to *how much* you must attend to yourself in order to do the best for others. The difficulty is particularly in the case of married people, when what is best for the husband is worst for the wife, and *vice versâ*, and both live for others' needs, and perhaps their instincts of what is best are opposed—how can they tell which ought to give way? It perplexes a wife whom I know, because it seems as if all her life she had suppressed her natural instincts and desires for the sake of others' needs, and now the result is, that she has got into this wretched, nervous, sleepless state, which she feels is a hindrance to her husband in his work. And yet it has come out of her doing just what you say is the right thing: her life has been used up for others, and now it seems all gone.

XV.

J. H. to C. H.

14/12/73.

I have learnt to see the same thing in myself that you notice. It is so most curiously. I don't see a thing till I can use it, or as I should say I can't *see* it whilst I can only see it untruly. So all my new thoughts (I perceive) really are nothing but saying more perfectly (and with inclusion of before excluded things) what others have said before. Take, *e.g.*, my saying that "*this* is the spiritual world." What a number of people you will find saying this, as if it was an axiom. I have merely arrived to see what they have seen a long while: but then I have *fulfilled the conditions of affirming it.*

What you say about Y.'s remark is partly true; but it

is not wholly so. It meant partly what I felt. And I know what the prevailing feeling is. I inquired of innumerable people while I was writing "Others' needs." Besides Miss Cobbe expressly formulates the doctrine that our goodness, and not service, is our law: not even arguing it, but simply taking it for granted. I wrote to her about it. I know I am not fighting a shadow—even though you should seldom have met my enemy; and even though it is true he transforms himself continually into other shapes when he is attacked. Probe people's thoughts, and see if what is now called goodness and virtue does not centre around self and is not expressly—not what is—traceably or revealedly—needed, but "what *we* may do." And that not discipline-wise and gymnastically, but as "for this world"—the ultimate and real "right;" and that means the true and ultimate right; because in the "other world" the conditions are to be altered. This "self-virtue" is a Proteus, and there is nothing it is fonder of calling itself than service; a "higher" service, or preparing to be able to serve, but don't be taken in; make it show itself. Would the Jews, on the Sabbath question, ever have allowed that they were not putting "man's true good" highest? Find me arguments against following traceable good that were not available for them. What I affirm is, that God *reveals* to us in traceable good the good He means us to be guided by, and forbids us to invent a "higher;" that thought comes from thought of ourselves: comes from it, however little it may mean it on the part of those who have been brought up under it. And how wise it is to give us the traceable good to guide us: for that means our having a *changing right;* and that implies the thought not on self (or on the *question* of our pleasure), any other "good,"—any that we think of, leaves us with a rigid right: that is with our thought on ourself at

the bottom. For do you not see how *all* is involved in man's having been forced to have a *flexible* right (which only traceable service, changing service, can give him)? It means that his right must be in the act of the soul, since it cannot be in the outward deed: where he will put it till he is obliged not (of course, since he begins with an imperfect regard which compels it to be there). And so you see how simple my thought is: how little a thing it is which (my soul feels and is sure) shall make new the world. It is only this: goodness shall not be in putting away pleasure, but in putting away the *question* of pleasure. That is all. You see the one leaves self first; the other *is* its being no more first. That is all; but it is a new Heaven and a new Earth; both new because one and no more two.

I think what you say about the difficulties of adjusting questions of service, especially in marriage, very good: and there is a great deal of work to be done there. But you know it does strike me that I can't get you even to consider that prior question that has been coming to me, whether in this world there is not a different law from service merely (*i.e.* service visible to us). That is to my mind *the* point: the two thoughts mean two different kinds of goodness, one of which, *our* goodness, is the practical centre; and one of which, others' good, is that centre. I can't help feeling that if this is settled in favour of the latter, all the rest will come. I know there are a whole multitude of quite unsettled questions, of which the needful amount of gymnastic (and not directly service-bidden) restraint is one. But these points are not urgent with me; for, *first*, there is so much to be done before they come (nothing less than an almost complete turning-round in men's thought of right: for even Utilitarianism is now almost as self-virtuous as the

rest, it *postulates* self-virtue as among the "useful" things, for which indeed a certain case can be made out if you take *only* self-indulgence to compare it with): there is all this to be done before these questions of the *mode of operation* of the law of revealed service can come up. And then also I think many of them have such simple probable answers that the first thing to be done, would be to put those answers to the test: as *e.g.*, in respect to the amount of *gymnastic* restraint of passion, my strong impression, in the present absence of evidence, would be that Nature—in the needs of others—*provided* the absolutely best amount; and that making them the rule would most likely by far be the way of attaining the very exact amount of exercise of restraint required. I cannot see any reason for doubting this. Any one who does must think that the needs of others as a law of doing would correspond even more clearly with the natural "pleasure" of every one than I do. Besides there would be a great risk always in taking any other guide—risk in directing the thought to self, and constantly of the gymnastics coming to be felt as good for their own sake. Probably this has often taken place in the past; I should mistrust everything which said, Let my thought be first about myself, on whatever ground it put itself. It would be to me "Danaos *et dona ferentes.*" We must remember that *the* mischief is a regard and a feeling not true to the facts. It is not ability to do that is wanted, but an emotion that is false—a desire falsified by leaving out facts that are. And one thing I should feel strongly, that no gymnastics should be counted admissible *that involved mischief* even to the slightest degree. That would be the absolute wrong—that would mean *deviating* one least bit from that which an absolute following of traceable good would bring.

They could come only when no traceable good was clear —surely extremely seldom.

But about this whole matter what I have to say is not details but in general this: that I don't feel competent to judge. *We want guides.* You give me the impression here, of having so much more confidence in your power to know than I have in mine: and I do believe that it is in this (not my modesty, but) my feeling that I don't know when I don't, that is the secret of all my seeing. About these things I feel in the dark; I have no guides. I cannot foresee. Arguing about them gives me exactly the same feeling as if a person wanted me to walk right on, on a dark night, over absolutely unknown ground, or rather, ground of which I know that it is studded with chasms. In respect to such questions as you speak of, all my instincts prompt me to form absolutely no opinion, but to leave them utterly till something shows them to me. . . . If you could once thoroughly see this you would be in possession of my whole Art of Thinking, which, as I have often said, is "knowing the *feel* of ignorance." This has something to do with the "not seeing" of mine we have been talking of. It is partly, that what many others call knowledge I call not knowing, having a different standard of knowing which I inevitably apply unconsciously. I should say: *Nature* must tell me a thing, or I know I do not know it, that is, she must show it to me in a parallel. If I wanted to decide about the mode of training needed for the law of revealed service, or to decide whether restraint for gymnastics' sake would be needed, or how much, I should not attempt to reason it out or to infer it from present experience: I should feel that *could* not tell me. I should look at once to the parallel cases where a problem truly the same is already further advanced. I should look at the intellectual life and Art. That which is visible

there would guide me to what I should expect in the other; and by the light of them I should form an idea which would take me beyond my own seeing in the other case, and which then, I should apply to it and test. Now that is my art. Of all the things I have seen I doubt if there is one that has not come to me so. That is Nature guiding us. I can *never* walk without her aid, and never wish to try (you see it is like following *revealed* service; indeed the law of revealed service is but my intellectual habits applied). Trying to go without that guidance is like a lame man trying to walk without crutches; or rather like looking at Jupiter's satellites through a tube without lenses. Nature must give us the lenses or we cannot see. All this does not prevent my having my own ideas as to how the rule of service, a flexible right, might best be introduced. I was making a note or two last night. Of course the point beyond all others is the relation of man and woman; that done, all is done; that unattained, nothing is done. My ideas were altogether how to get the thought of service, as the absolute rule, completely to take possession of a youth, almost or quite, before he ever approached the consciousness of that relation. This, I should think, might be done: there are two things especially to train by; one is, food, the other, play. He might be made at any rate perfectly to understand the relation of pleasure and service by means of these, possibly even taught to embrace it with his soul. Especially in respect to food, the true and false law might be made so plain; the two forms of gluttony: the self-indulgence and the self-restraint, and Nature's law which only the thought *off* pleasure gives him. . . .

The difference between us (if any) is that you would think more of gymnastic restraints, and I, more of establishing the ruling power of service in the desires. But there

is not a real difference; for first, yours is only a question of detail and supposes the other the chief object and means; and I have already accepted beforehand whatever gymnastic restraint might be proved necessary. But I feel that I should seek with all my power, that the gymnastics themselves should be as much as possible *forms* of following service (also let me say the power of *not refusing* pleasure for the sake of another's good, needs perhaps almost as much strengthening as the habit of not taking it. As I look at human life, man's tendency to refuse pleasure is to me scarcely less striking than his tendency to pursue it. It has been and still is an *enormous* power among men —and even among women, though among them, perhaps more artificially.[1])

Look at facts and see if it be not so. Remember that this always *calls* itself, and honestly for the most part, pursuing goodness and purity. But then look at the goodness and purity, and you see that they are good and pure simply because they are less pleasure. No one *says* he puts away pleasure for the sake of doing it but of "being better" and doing righter; but that means (in self virtue) being a person who puts away pleasure.

Look well at our life, apart from our preconceptions. Selfishness means two things, pursuing our own pleasure, and pursuing our own goodness.

I want you to think over one expression in your letter that we may be sure whether we agree or do not agree. It is, that "the time when men shall control their passions by a superior passion is a long way off yet, and at present the 'sick man' has to do what would be repugnant as well as injurious to the man in health." Does this mean

[1] This may be best illustrated, perhaps, by that fussy politeness by which a "self-denying" hostess often contrives (with the best intentions) to make her guest as uncomfortable as herself.—C. H.

a contradiction to what I say: that the "right" to teach to children is the absolute desire of good, and the law, the law of service, the revealed good, giving the flexible right. I don't want to *assume* that it does not contradict me. I expect one thing does put us a little askew; viz., that I don't suppose myself speaking of adults changing, and you do. Long before I had these moral thoughts, I had the entire conviction that Nature did not change adults, and that the advance of the world was by the *children* growing up in presence of two thoughts. So that the idea of a grown-up generation turning round to a new right never occurred to me, nor has anything I have said ever had reference to such an unexperienced phenomenon. Of course *some* adults can change, but their number is unimportant. In discussing whether a thing can be—is hard or easy—the *only* question is, Is it hard or easy for a child to grow up into? and you see it is easy in cases in which the changing of adults in any number is impossible.

So don't let us be talking of different things. Of course I agree with what you say about a great deal of training being required to know what real kindness to others demands of us.

XVI.

J. H. to C. H.

2/12/74.

. . . Pictures occupy me a good long time, but I don't think it is time thrown away. One has in Art such a hold upon the whole of human life. All things seem so to help me: I never felt so full of hope, or rather of assurance. In this last book of J. S. Mill's on Nature, *e.g.*, insisting so on Nature's immorality. Now that is one piece of my work done. You know my illustration of

negative and positive denial: the man who will not strike because he is a coward, and one who refuses to strike although he is not afraid, because he will not return evil: the two states absolutely the same outside; one infra-brave, the other supra-brave: but practically and seen from without, the same.

Now Nature is immoral: is it infra-moral or supra-moral? All man's future, his hope or despair, turns on that. Is it his life to poise himself against Nature, being moral above her, and more and more against and separate from her with every step; this, or has he to be supra-moral *with* Nature? What must not follow if the answer is the latter?

See the Bible: Genesis with its want of knowledge of good and evil; and Christ with the wind as the figure of the man, and His command to "be as little children." If we have not known here, and the true command of God is not to be moral against Nature (as man has vainly held) but supra-moral with Her, is there not the dawn of a new time in the perception? Can hope be too great? How can failure to do one thing be proof that another cannot be done? All that bitter weight of past experience of hopelessness is gone. You see, the raising up by pulling down is but another form of this. And then here is Art: the artist is as immoral in reference to his right and wrong, as Nature. Assailed in front through all the centuries by Nature, and now taken in the rear by Art; his own best energies turning traitor to his will, how shall man prolong any more the strife, once seeing only what it is that he refuses?

And then again it is but having *unity* in our life; making it one all through, not of discordant parts. For we know well enough what being supra-moral is: the soldier is so in his killing, and the surgeon in his deceiv-

ing. There is nothing dark in it or unknown: simply the fact is that the other claims and calls which are *recognised* in these instances are truly present all through our life, only they have not been regarded. That wider thought and care and recognition of claims has to be the perpetual and universal condition of our life. Our thought is bound *always*—not sometimes only—to be on good. So I have one perpetual assurance of hope. How could any one believing so be unhappy?

XVII.

J. H. to C. H.

20/12/74.

It interests me so much that you feel it twisted. Of course I know what you mean, I *feel* it just the same: more rather than less, I have no doubt. Only to your intellect it seems an annoyance; to mine a delight. Dear little Nature has given me a riddle here, all twisted up, so plain, only twisted, and I have untwisted it. My joy,—that is, the intellectual part of it, for my soul rejoices too; it does rejoice, but that joy is too great to be called joy: it is pain as well, and makes me rather groan with a burden than clap my hands with a delight; but my intellectual joy is exactly the amused laugh of a baby when it has opened out a sugar plum from a "twisted" bit of paper. Twisted indeed I should think it was, but I've *un*twisted it. You see (it is most interesting to me and always was, and I like it the better because it makes me feel grateful and fond toward you for going with me in spite of its being so much trouble to you) you feel my thoughts a twisting. I'm as conscious as you of the going round and round, but I feel it an *un*twisting. You are

sure to do so too. You have come to enter into greater untwistings than that, which at first you felt as twistings.

That is the intellectual difference I have come to see so clearly between you and me. We are like the shells twisted different ways, or cats with furs pointed oppositely. and it is not that one is righter than the other, though it does make us feel, at first, the right of one and the wrong of the other (intellectually). It is that Nature wants us both; me to see, you to explain. For don't you see, the immense majority of the world are at at present twisted, your way, not mine. (By-the-bye, you know all Nature is "twisted;" nothing is straight, nor possibly could be; but everything is spiral, *i.e.*, twisted. And of course there ought to be spirals going both ways. If you had once had the full feeling of Nature on you, you would never say again "but it is twisted;" you would know there was nothing in Nature that wasn't. That's the fun of Her. Look again at "Living Form," in "Life in Nature;" 'twas there I learnt to see how God deals with Man's Soul.)

You see the immense advantage you have in making others see. You, by effort and accepting what is at first *wrung* to you, learn to recognise, in what is a twisting to you, an untwisting, and then of course it is you and not I who can lead others through your own experience. So it is not one of us is right and the other wrong. All ways are right; nor would one, nor indeed could it, be without the other.

It is intensely interesting, by-the-bye (for you understand without my telling you that this illustration of the shells is much more than an analogy or figure to me), that I believe, believed as soon as ever I thought of the shell, that the two things are one, and that the oppositely twisted minds and shells are two exhibitions of one fact.

That is how I am made. And the good of it is that now I have noticed it I shan't forget it, but shall *use* it by-and-bye, and shall find out some hidden things about the mind which is visible in shells, and find out something about shells which one can't see by looking at them, while thinking of the twistings of the mind. For you see you really said nothing less than that minds—yours and mine—are twisted things, things of a spiral form, which of course they are when one comes to think of it: and that carries a whole history and revelation of relations with it, and quite indefinite clues and suggestions. One will know more about "minds" twenty years hence through that. And you see already we have discovered not only that "minds" are "twisted," *i.e.*, spiral things (which I must have been a fool not to have thought of before, because it is obvious as soon as it is suggested), but that there are (at least) two opposite "directions" of the spiral (like shells and tendrils, and indeed perhaps all things). And I say it is most interesting to me to note that the opposite twisting of shells is sometimes according to sex, I believe, and sometimes ancient ones are one way and modern the other. Now I wonder if it will turn out that the classic mind and the modern mind are oppositely spiral, and that some of the crises of the human thought are the spiral receiving the opposite direction.

Now all this has come out of your using the word "twisted," and my re-writing it; for it did not come till I began to write. And I daresay you will feel it all to be even more abominably "twisted" than the other. But I can't help it. This is to me real and serious as anything I ever wrote in my life, and I beg you to keep this letter and let me see it again. The most matter-of-fact eyes in the world shall (I rather fancy) see something more through this. Nor is it in the least more vague and fanciful than

the origins of a great deal that you think most true and real in my thoughts. It interests me the more, because when "organic form" was in my mind I studied shells a little; and there is a good deal that is interesting: but I came to a sudden stop: now I can look at shells again, with minds to refer to when I can't see.

In one aspect, dear, the point is this; that things are presented to us end first, and we have always to trace them out the other way really to see them. This always seems arbitrary, and nonsense when it is first done. People say: the thing is so plain; why do you make a plain matter obscure?

But by-the-bye there is another thing to say, speaking of the opposite twists. It might almost be regarded as a question between the intellect and the emotions; which has the right to claim *its* twist (or spiral). I think I shall from your hint adopt the word "twist," and use it instead of spiral. It is for some things much the better word—besides being shorter and plainer: it goes deeper; it is a dynamic word: it recognises the forces, the process: makes one feel the thing: "spiral" is too placid and sublime by far, *i.e.*, far too superficial: it seems as if things "growed" so without any pangs or tears or struggles of resistance, or feeling of going "wrong." But twisted brings out that bleeding heart which Nature carries beneath the smile, and which any one who knows how to put his hand on it may feel; which having once felt, no one can ever mistrust Her again, or speak of Her without reverence. It is like Christ is a High Priest: we can come boldly, for He was tempted; so to Nature with an absolute trust, for She has suffered. Ah me, my Mother, you have shown me a little bit of your heart, and that little is too much—too much for flesh and blood.

If we could be *within* any "spiral" thing, that form of utmost beauty and delicacy, as of the very air itself, the very type and outer form of life itself, we should know that it was twisted.

The heart itself *is* a twist (see Life in Nature); it is wrung into its heart-hood, and until it is wrung—is no heart.

O Carrie dear, I laughed when I began this letter, and now the grief of the whole world and its joy, which is heavier still, has come into it.—Your loving brother,

JAMES HINTON.

P.S.—What I was going to say was this: Is not this thought like a *twisting* to the intellect, an *untwisting* to the heart?

Are these oppositely spiral then? And is it the same with sense and intellect? Is not Science twisting to sense; untwisting to intellect? As if sense ruling alone were a twisting of intellect; untwisted in using the intellect to interpret.

And so now: sense and intellect ruling alone (as in our Science) a twisting of the emotions: untwisted in using them also to interpret—as I say they are to be.

Thank you for that word "twist."

XVIII.

J. H. TO C. H.[1]

24/11/74.

It is very interesting when you quote "with what body do they come?" You know that is one of my passages (as I will tell you again). But I confess I can't share the

[1] Part of this letter appeared in the "Life."

embarrassment some of my best friends feel about this. What is human life but emotions and convictions, expressing themselves in deeds and modes of living? I suppose, as it has managed to be that before, it will go on being that. And that is all I can even suppose to be wanted: new feelings and new thoughts will, as heretofore, go on to make their own modes of operation. How has it got into your head that they want predicting; much more prearranging? How could that fail to be mischievous? Do you propose to help a plant to grow? is it not enough to give it earth and water, and put it in the sun? It is some curious wrinkle in the thought that wants just smoothing out, I think. Pass your hands over it as you would over a crumpled handkerchief, and see if it is not better (none of our brains lie quite straight, you know, you need not mind about creases, if they don't get in your way). That is what I should do, I think, if I found my brain working so:—that is, I expect, I should turn to some things that really do want seeing, because they come to us now. Besides I find following the laws of service (with endless mistakes, doubtless; I don't think anything of them, of course: they are part of it) not puzzling or hard at all, nor obscure, but exactly easy. It is always coming to you, as it were. And indeed it is nothing but the old familiar doing your best; than which I never had, nor felt the want of, any other rule. For I never even envied God His omniscience. I much doubt if I should really enjoy it. And even where following the law of service has seemed to me to mean diverging from former and from customary doing, I have found it not more hard, but enormously less hard, than I should have supposed. I am obliged to check myself lest I should think social changes easier than they will turn out.

Still your feeling is very interesting, and of course

many first-rate people share it, and my not doing so is probably a useful-for-me "not seeing." But when you use Paul's words to ask the question, I think you are using them in their true meaning—that that, the spiritual body of man's emotions, passions, deeds, and not this phenomenal flesh and blood, was his subject: even as the resurrection is the raising up of Man to Life. The answer is exquisite: his answer, the very words I want; the very thing that Art revealed to me.

The "body" is the very body that was "buried in dishonour;" the very forms of life and practices that "were put aside with shame;" the very inexactness which the artist takes back when the new vision of Nature's Life visits his soul. It will come, I believe, with child-murder and killing the sick, and things that have meant the worst licentiousness: and slavery: with all the things that men now will not have because their thought is on themselves, and which there is no reason for *their* not having whose regard is true to facts. That stone upon the sepulchre *will be raised by a great heave down:* an angel of God will come—while we are saying, "it can't be rolled away"—nay, is come, has been here all the while, Nature herself; and we shall find it open. Nay, now, you, why not walk in? See the place where man has lain in death. I do affirm—can my eyes not see—it is empty. He is not here, he is risen. He is risen even now. Does he want to be the slave he is? I do perceive anew—this Nature whom I have known so long, and half-loved, half-feared, and wholly served (she knows what I am writing),—and don't think that my brain is reeling in the least: I know it looks a little like it—She is that very angel who came and rolled away that stone, and said to women (O God, it is too much,—to a cured harlot-woman) "seek no more the living among the dead."

Carrie, dear, did I make these things meet so? Did I wish to make them?

This is what I have seen or seemed to see—that it is through lost women, and in their saving, man's life shall be given him. This is the question I want people to look at: What is prostitution for? In its ceasing must there not be some other answering and complementary change as well? What must that change be?

In a word, I come and look at moral Nature with eyes trained in looking at physical Nature, and so I see that they are the same. One change cannot take place without another equivalent to it also. It is futile, a very contradiction to Nature herself to think or seek (as people do) for prostitution to be put away, and for that to be all; everything else just the same, only no more of that. It is to ask for a new action of a force without the ceasing of its former one:—which, though in words it may sound more, would be in reality less—the loss of half: one act instead of two. So when I read that it was to a woman who had drunk that cup that the Angel said, "He is risen, seek Him among the living," awe seizes me, and I bless God who has made the world a miracle of wonder, and pray Him to remember that I am dust, and when He has given me as much as I can bear, to take another vessel, and seek Him out lips that the sight does not make dumb.

But is it not interesting to connect this thought of "what body"—the body put away in shame—with what Mill has been writing of Nature? How interesting that just at this time (when these thoughts are in my mind) he comes forward to point out how wicked and evil we should be if we were as Nature is. Is it not exactly what I wanted some one to do? (You see: that man must be

acting for himself is a sort of postulate to him, not even needing to be expressed.)

Here is the question so distinctly raised: is it man's perfectness to be as one with "Nature," or to get more and more opposed to her? What a strife between the poets and the moralists! And oh, what a key: and what a *rest* of reconciliation. I always think of it as a fever patient falling asleep. After this frightful paroxysm man shall sleep. Shall we consent then to be no better than Nature? Is it a hopeful look-out, trying? If we could not need any more to try! I *feel* the sweet repose stealing over the sick frame and aching head.

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